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# MUSICAL OLIO.

COMPRISING A SELECTION OF VALUABLE

*Songs, Duetts, Waltzes, Glees, Military Airs, &c. &c.*

ADAPTED TO THE PIANO-FORTE,

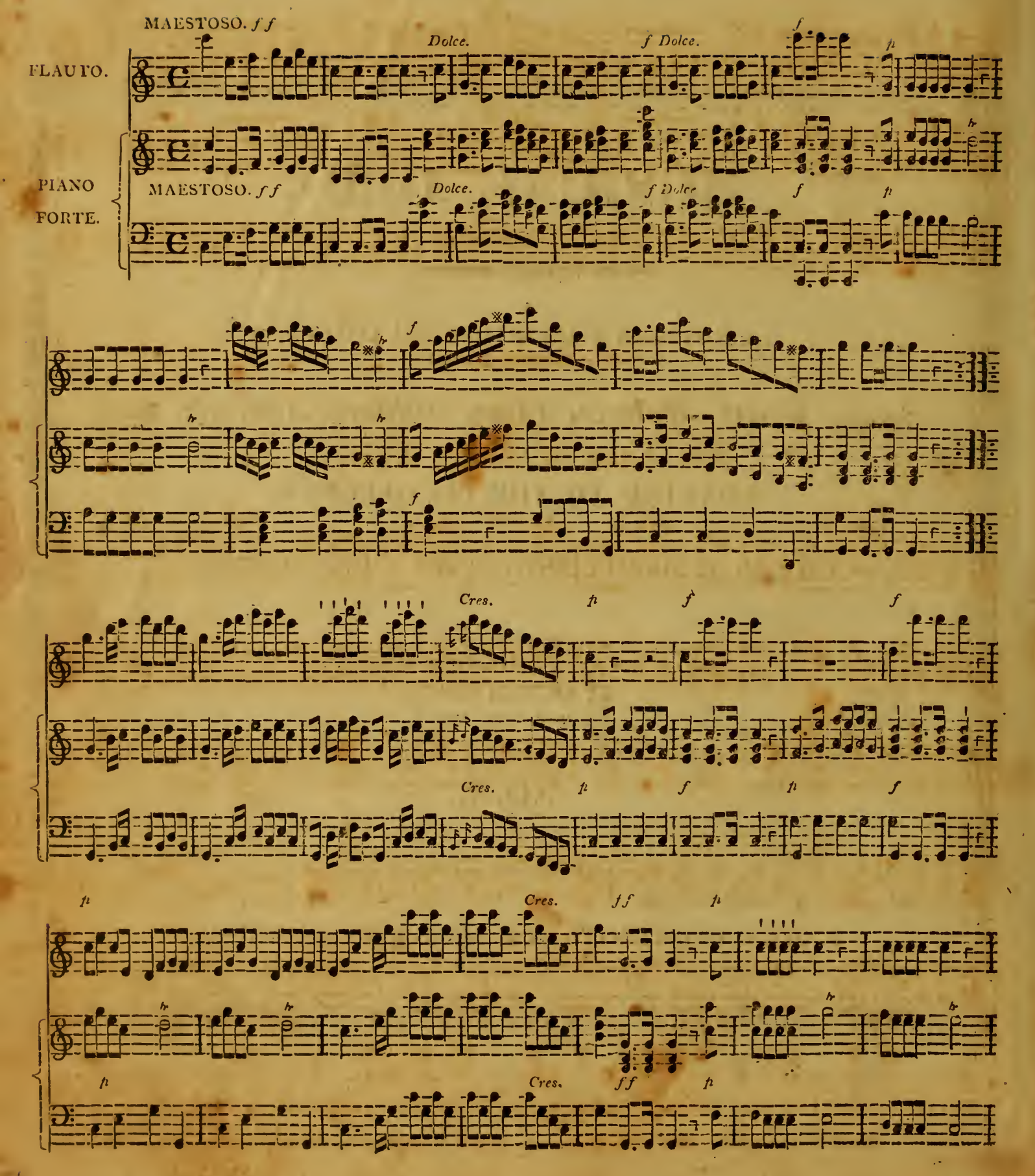
WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE *FLUTE* OR *VIOLIN.*

*SELECTED AND PUBLISHED IN NUMBERS,*
BY OLIVER SHAW.

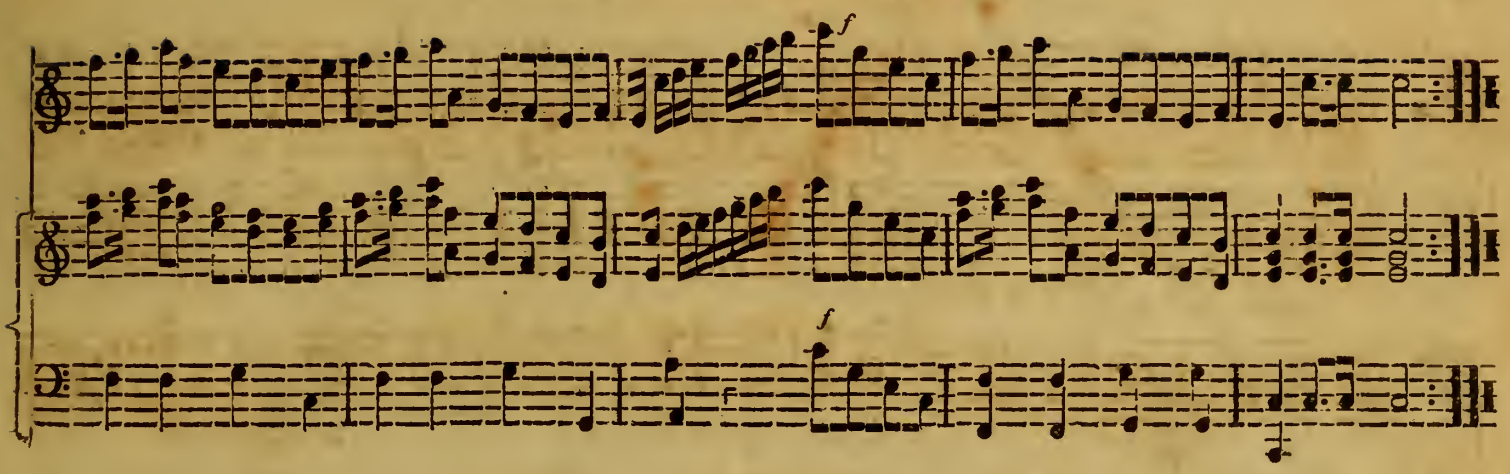
NO. I.

PROVIDENCE:—PRINTED BY H. MANN & CO.—MARCH—1814.

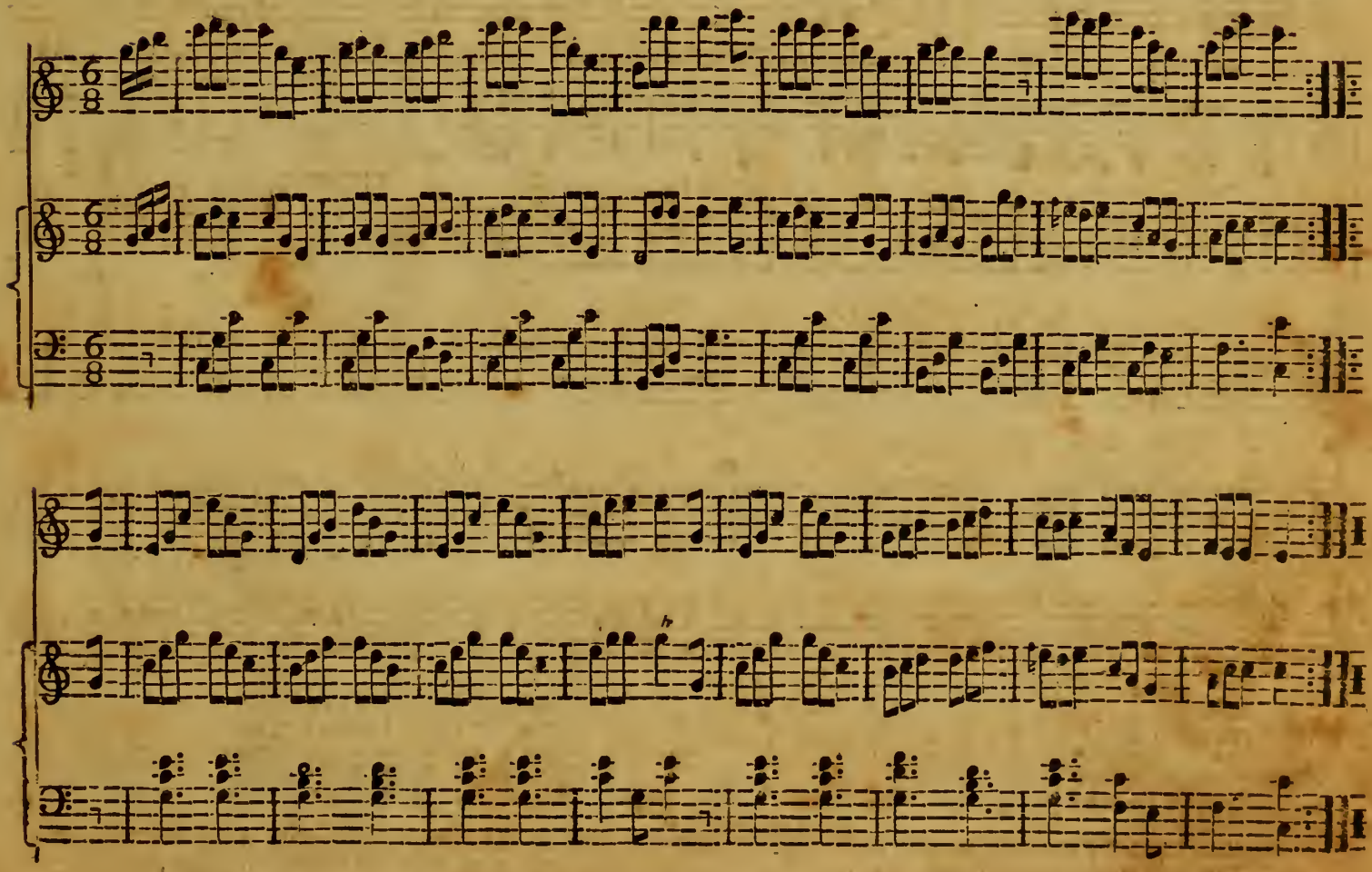
# Grand March.


MAESTOSO. ff
Dolce.
f Dolce.
FLAUTO.
PIANO FORTE.
MAESTOSO. ff
Dolce.
f Dolce
Cres.
Cres.
Cres.
Cres.

## *Grand March Continued.*




## *The Land of Sweet Erin.*



Hands four round and back again, Down the middle, up again, Pausette and lead outsides.

# *Sappho on the Rock of Ducato.*

Oh give me of the i - cy wave, To treat the pain that

I en - dure; No joy I feel, the si - lent grave Soon shall poor Sappho's suff'rings cure,

Soon shall poor Sappho's suff'rings cure.

2

Thy arm then Cupid I defy,
No more false Man shall injure me;
These tears that flow, this heaving sigh,
Shall be the last I give to thee.

3

But ah! shall I then love no more!
Thy sight would yet my bosom cheer;
Would to my heart still comfort pour,
And from my eyes dry every tear.

4

Should his lov'd form before me stand,
And in sweet accents yet entreat,
Could I his fondness then withstand,
Or should I fly my love to meet?

5

When by the murmur of the flood,
In pensive mind and drown'd in sorrow,
I view the spot where oft he stood,
And fancy he'll return to-morrow.

# *Fair Ellen.*

A FAVOURITE BALLAD. COMPOSED BY J. BRAHAM.

LARGHETTO.

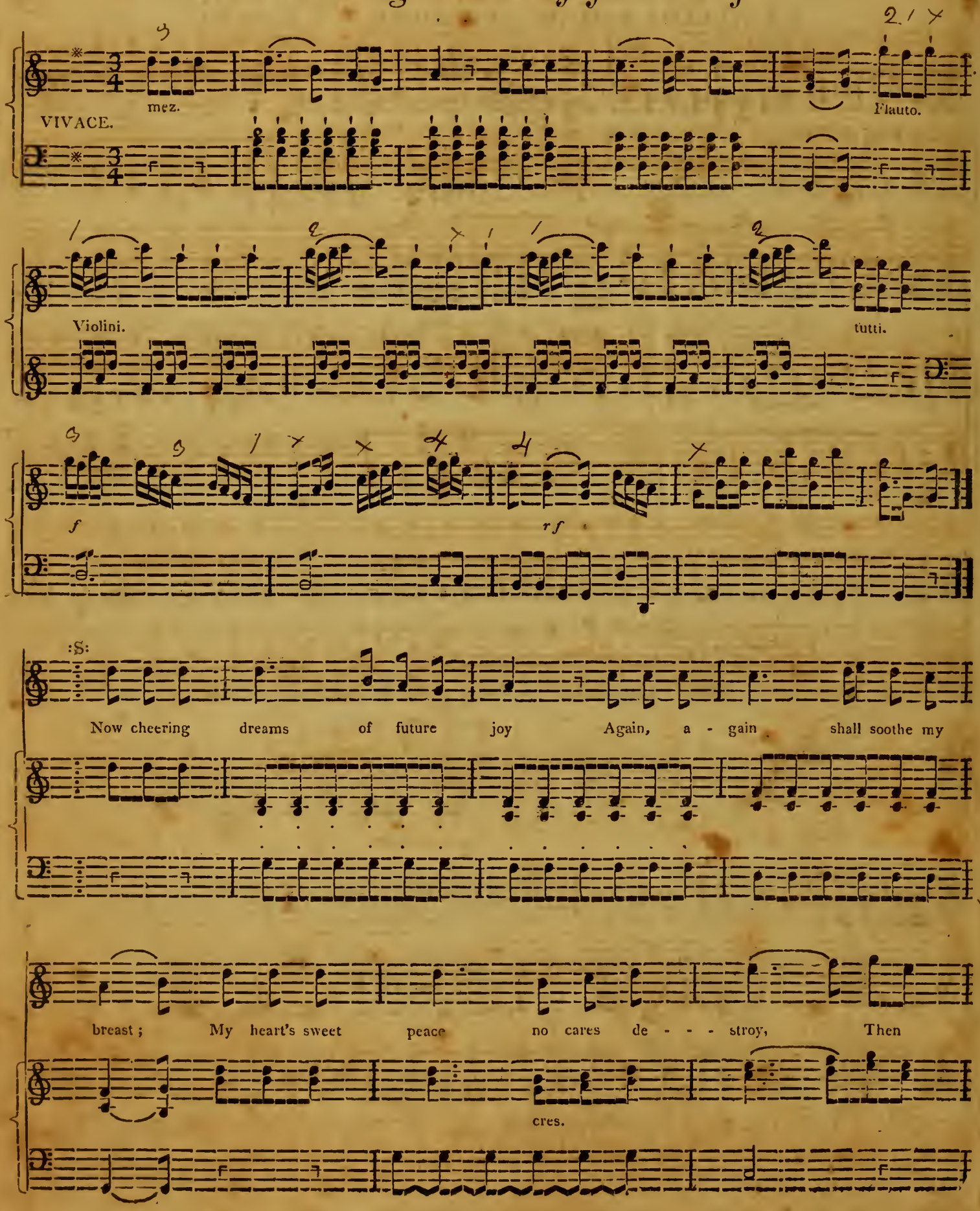
Fair Ellen like a lilly grew, Was beauty's, beauty's fav'rite flower, 'Till falshood changed her

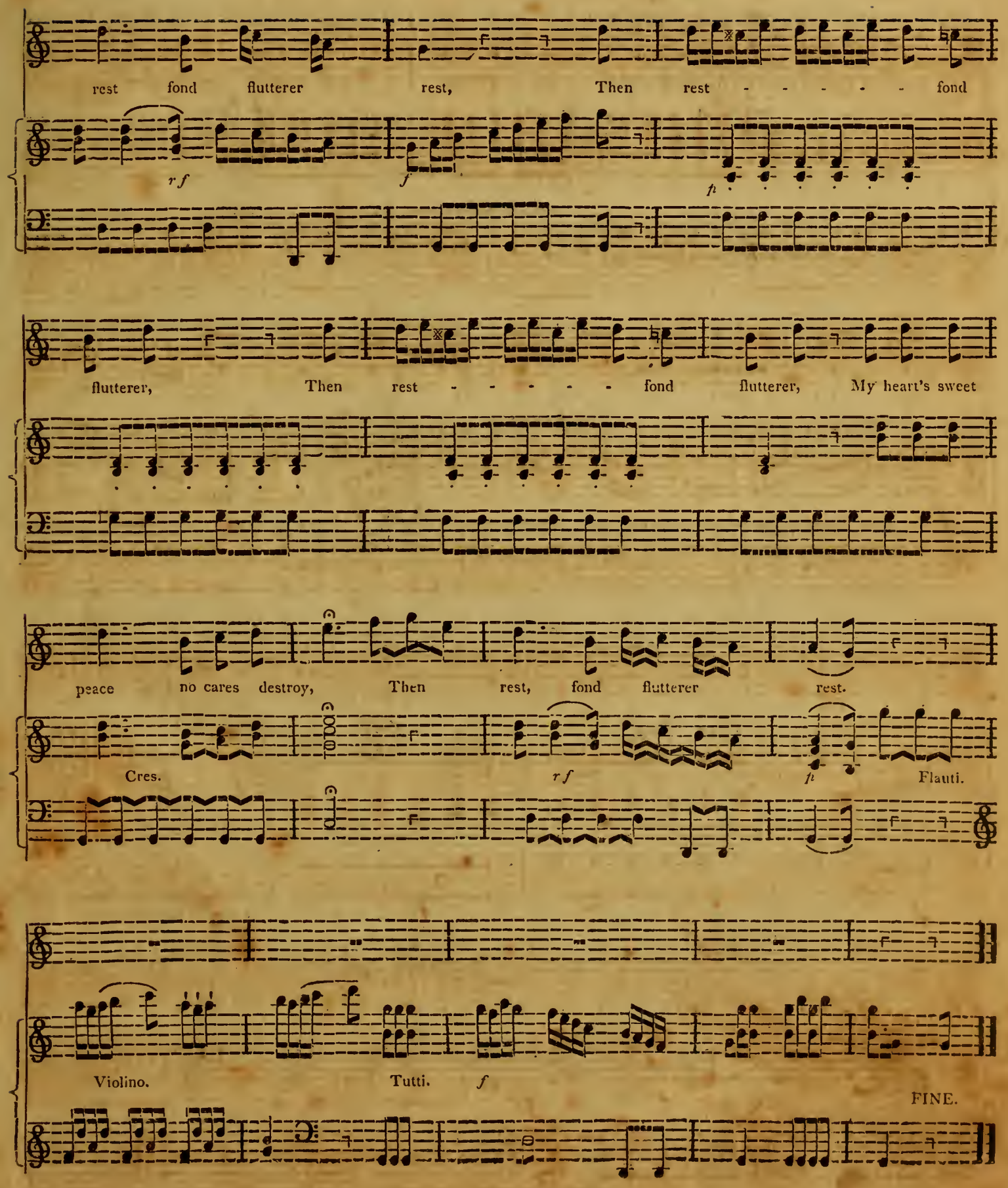
lovely, lovely hue, She wither'd in an hour. Fair Ellen, Fair Ellen, she wither'd

*Adagio e con expressione.*

wither'd in an hour.

Antonio in her virgin breast,
First rais'd a tender sigh;
His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
Then left the Maid to die.


VIVACE.
mez.
Flauto.
Violini.
tutti.
f
rf
Now cheering dreams of future joy Again, a - gain shall soothe my
breast; My heart's sweet peace no cares de - - - stroy, Then
cres.


rest fond flutterer rest, Then rest - - - - - fond
rf
f
p
flutterer, Then rest - - - - - fond flutterer, My heart's sweet
peace no cares destroy, Then rest, fond flutterer rest.
Cres.
rf
p
Flauti.
Violino.
Tutti.
f
FINE.

When hap'ess passion racks the frame, 'Tis while a frost, 'tis like a flame; By turns its

*p* *rf* *rf* *rf* *f*

freez - - ing chills my soul, By turns the flames - - of

*rf* *rf* *cres.* *fp*

pas - - sion roll, By turns the flames - - - - of

*f* *fp*

ad lib. DEL SEGNO. :S:

pas - - sion roll - - - - - - - - - - - -

# *Contentment, a Canzonet for 2 voices.*

WRITTEN BY I. HURDIS. HARMONIZED BY O. SHAW.

2d voice.

1st voice.

MODERATO.

In my bosom contentment shall reign, And despair shall torment me no more ; I have seen my lov'd fair one again, And she came with a smile to my door. I have seen her tho' transient her stay, Tho' time would not loiter and wait ; And the shower has not yet wash'd away The small print of her foot at my gate.

3

Rapid day, the strong reason explain,
Why thy steeds were so quick to begone,
To remove my sweet Angel again,
And to leave me to linger alone !

4

Come again, and to merit my praise,
Travel clear through the regions above :
And I'll give you the gratefulest lays,
Which can flow from the bosom of love.

5

O return, and to win my good will,
When I see her approach from afar ;
Turn thy steeds with their heads to a hill,
And lock fast every wheell of thy Car.

*Sing the last STANZA to the last strain of Musick.*

# *Lowly, humble, was our Lot.*

## A FAVOURITE TRIO IN PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

PAUL.

ANDANTE.

Lowly, humble was our lot, Fortune's frowns seem'd endless; Yet by kind heaven are never forgot Orphan's poor and friendless. Hope from the skies descending, Still her blest influence lending; Labour o'er, we dance and play, Hearts free from guile are ev - er gay.

CHORUS ALAMBRA.

PAUL.

Labour o'er we dance and play, Hearts free from guile are ever gay.

VIRGINIA.

ALAMBRA.

Lowly, humble, though your lot, Goodness in you was endless, Ne'er shall that goodness be for-

got, I too was poor and friendless. Oh, may from heaven descend - ing Hope her blest

influence lending, Crown with joy each happy day, Hearts free from guile are ever gay

CHORUS ALAMBRA.

PAUL

Crown with joy each happy day, Hearts free from guile are ever gay.

VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA. PAUL. DUETT. VIRGINIA.

PAUL.

Blissful though our future lot, Fortune's smiles tho' endless, Amidst our joys shall ne'er be forgot, We once was poor and friend-

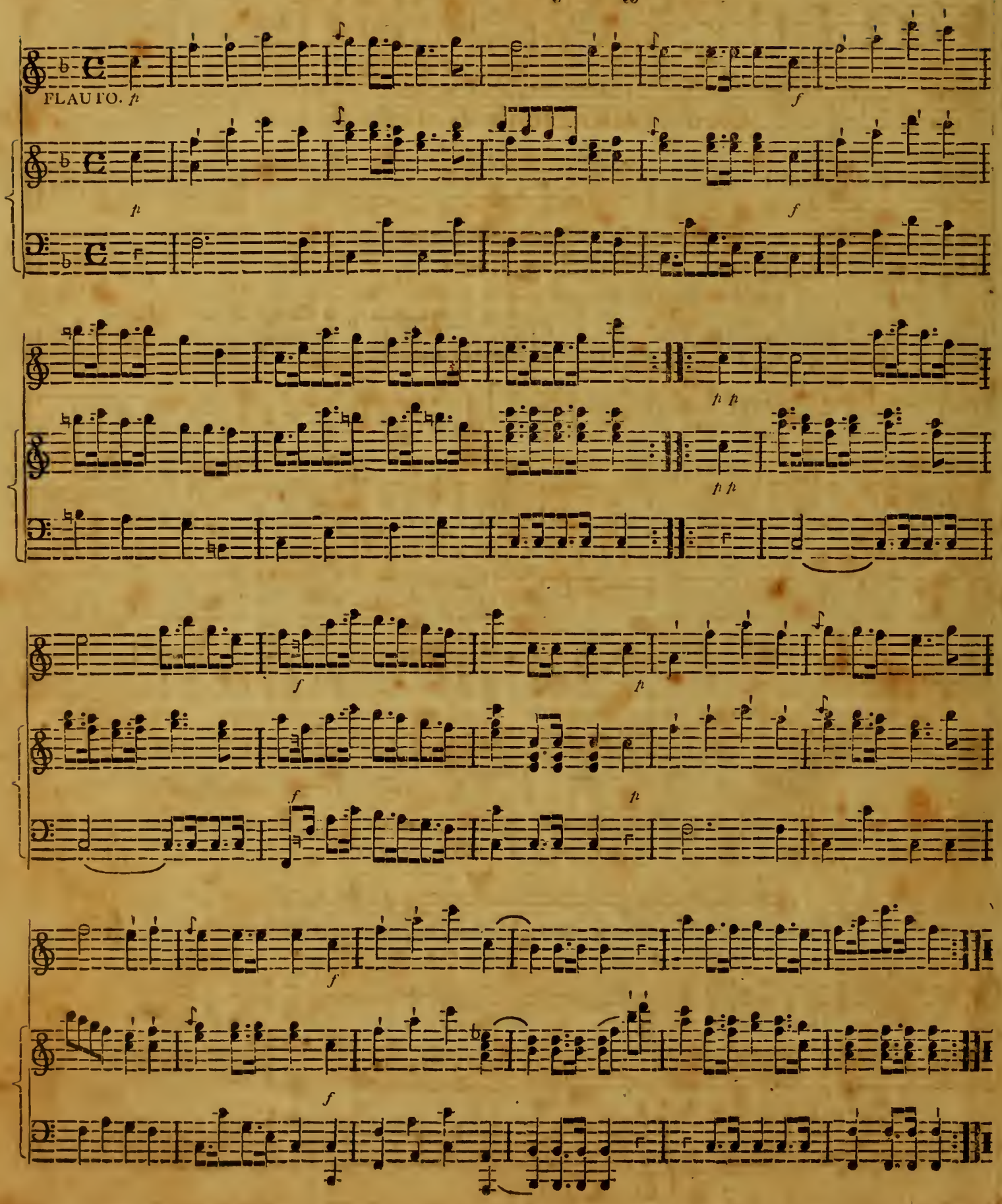
less. Humble, content, most prizing, Our joys tho' the proud are despising; Still this truth may we display,

CHORUS. ALAMBRA.

PAUL.

Hearts free from guile are ever gay. Still this truth may we display, Hearts free from guile are ever gay.

VIRGINIA

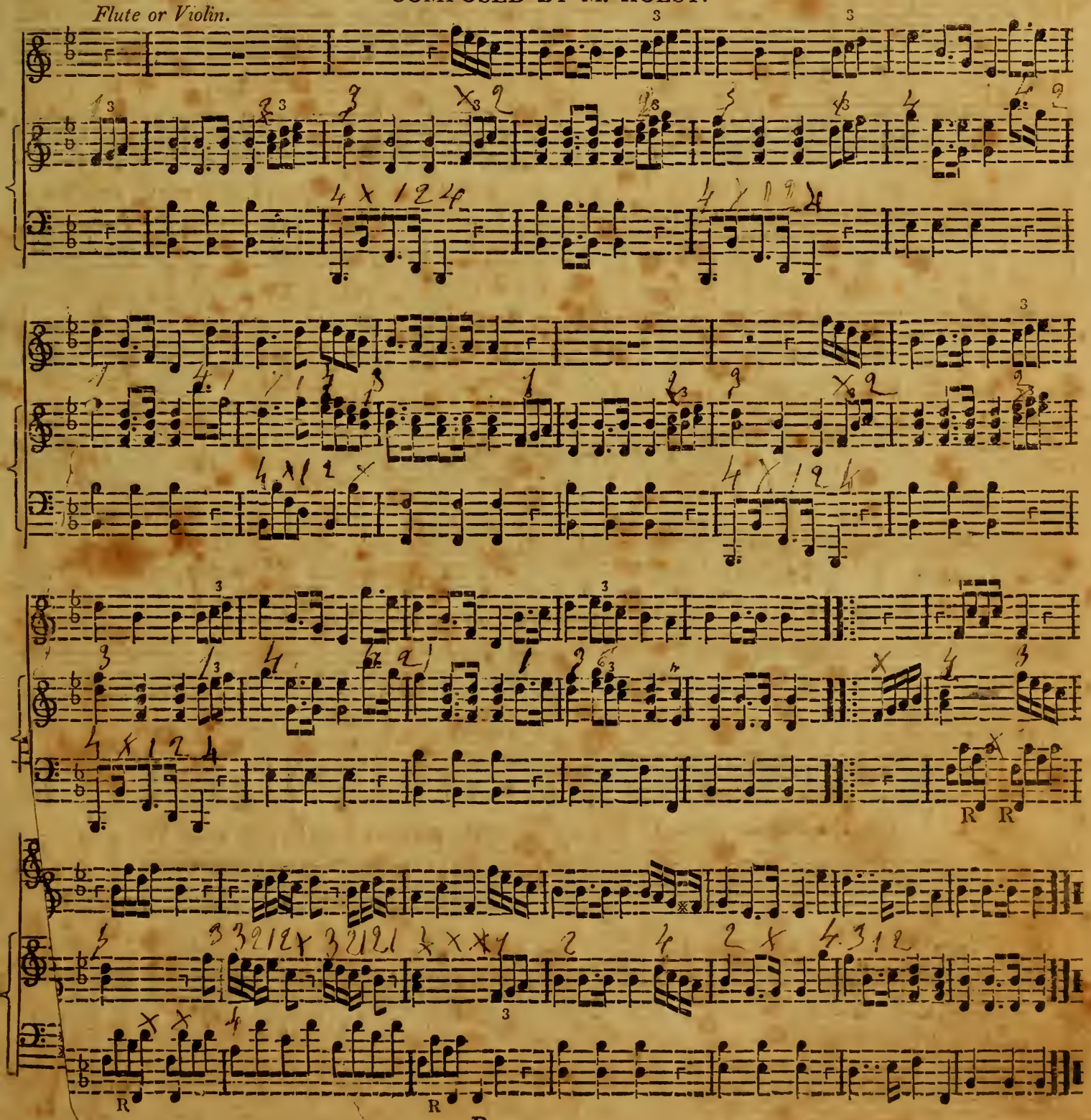

FLAUTO.

MUSICAL OLIO, [NO. 2.
FOR JUNE, 1814.

# Lord Wellington's Grand March.

COMPOSED BY M. HOLST.

*Flute or Violin.*



# *English Version of Domum.*

SET TO MUSIC BY G. W. CHARD.

CON ANIMATO. *Pia.*

Sing a sweet melodious

measure, Waft en - chanting lays around; Home! a theme replete with pleasure! Home! a

CHORUS. *f*

grateful theme, resound! Home! sweet home! an ample treasure! Home! with ev'ry blessing crowrd!

DUETT. *Pia.*

CHORUS. *f*

Home! perpetual source of pleasure! perpetual source of pleasure! Home! a no - ble strain

sound.

## *Continued.*

2
Lo! the joyful hour advances,
Happy season of delight;
Festal songs and festal dances
All our tedious toils requite.
Home, sweet home, &c.

3
Cease my wearied muse thy learning,
Cease thy task so hard to bear,
Cease thy labour, ease returning,
Leave my bosom, O! my care.
Home, sweet home, &c.

4
See the year, the meadow smiling,
Let us then a smile display;
Rural sport our pains beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.
Home, sweet home, &c.

5
Now the Swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus impellings,
Let us seek our native home.
Home, sweet home, &c.

6
Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide campaign;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.
Home, sweet home, &c.

7
Oh! what raptures, Oh! what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate,
Mother's arms and mother's kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.
Home, sweet home, &c.

8
Greet our houshold gods with singing,
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray;
Why should light so slowly springing,
All our promis'd joys delay.
Home, sweet home, &c.

## *The Belles of Providence.*

*Flute or Violin.*

# *The Bay of Biscay O!*

As Sung by Mr. Incledon, "In Spanish Dollars, or Priest of the Parish."

COMPOSED BY JOHN DAVY.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder, The rain a del - uge

showers; The clouds were rent a - sun - der By lightnings vivid powers. The night both drear and dark, Our

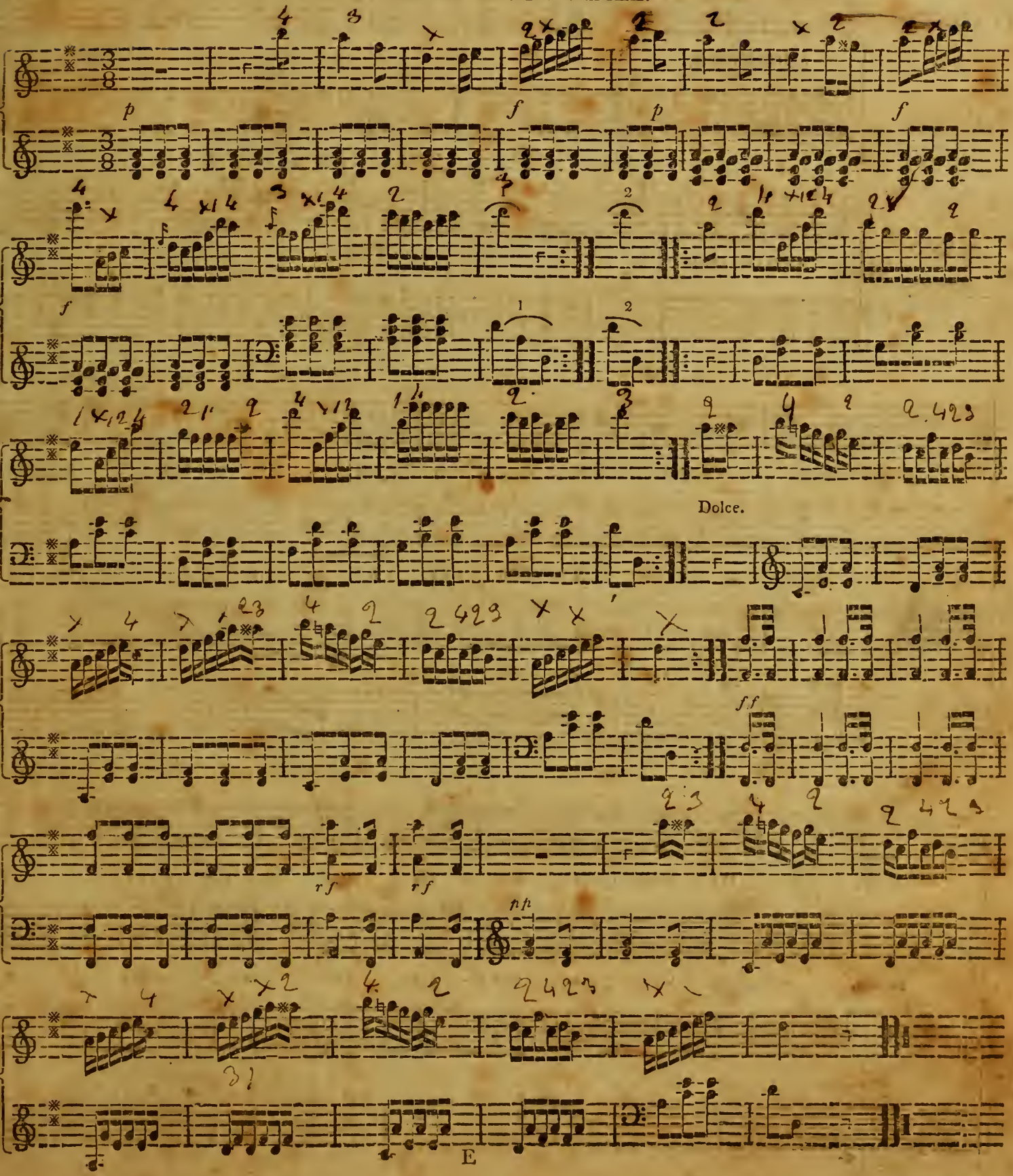
poor de - lud - ed bark, 'Till next day, There she lay, In the Bay of Biscay O!

1
Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak;
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak.
To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seamen crouds,
As she lay,
'Till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

2
At length the wish'd-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd the bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horrour to the crew;
As she lay,
On that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

3
Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When heaven all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail,
With the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

COMPOSED BY HIMMEL.



# *Adieu. A Favourite Canzonet. By Mozart.*

1st VOICE.

ANDANTINO.

2d VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

ANDANTINO.

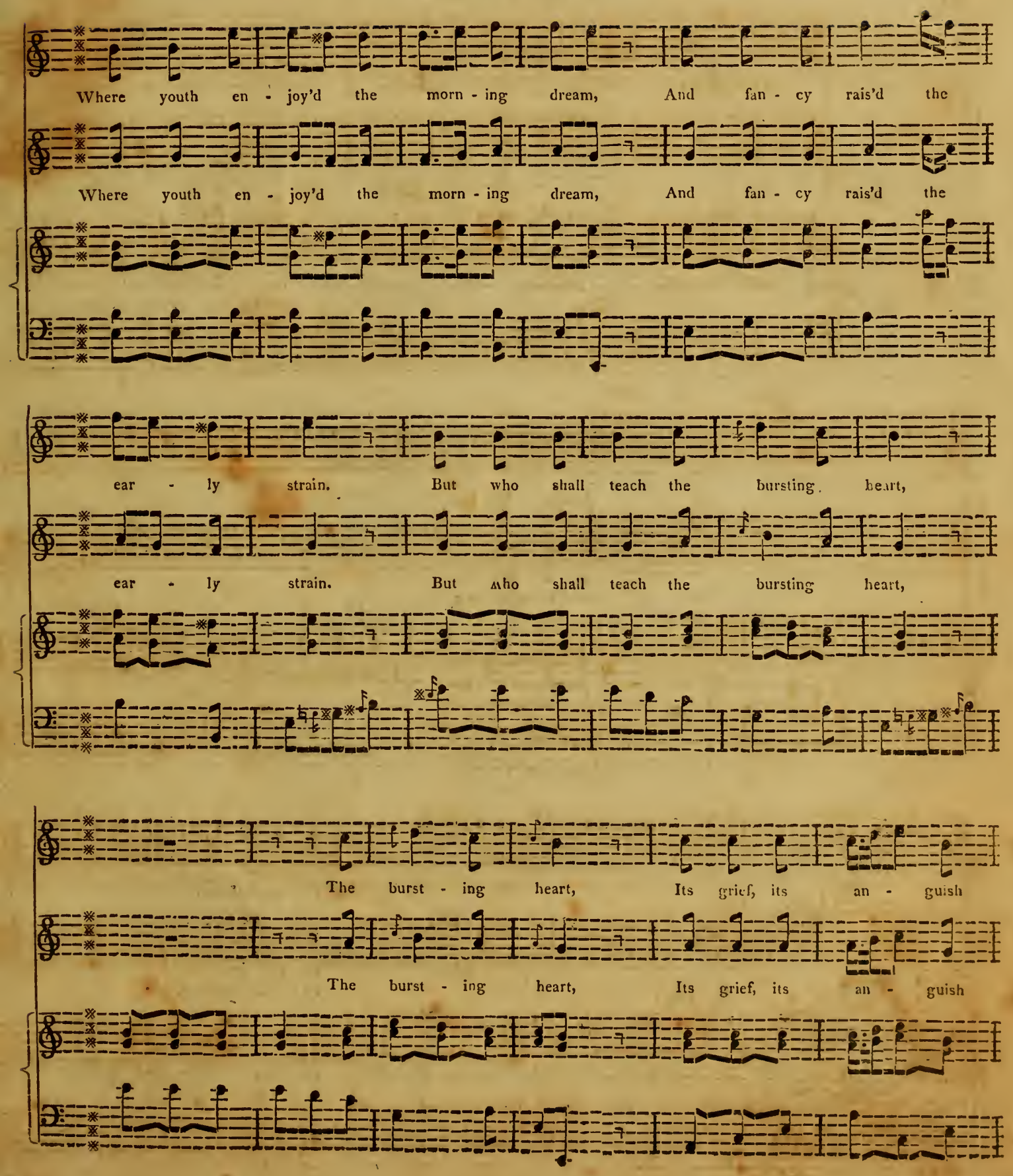
A - dieu, thou soft - ly flow - ing

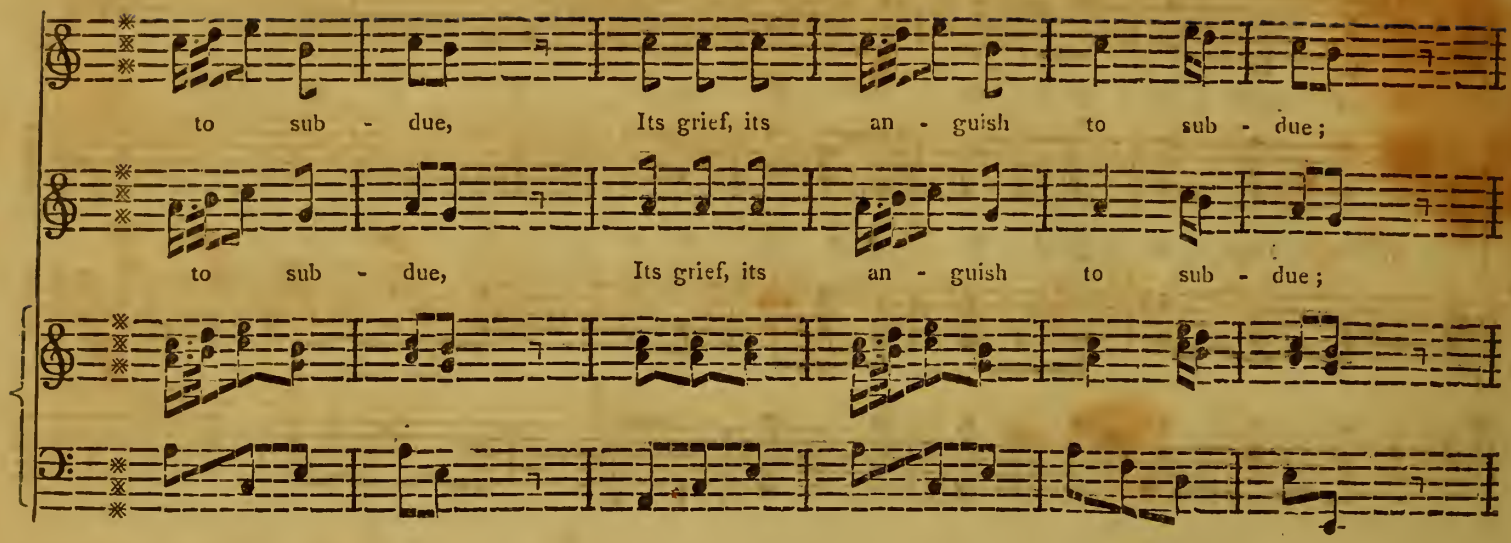
A - dieu, thou soft - ly flow - ing

*p*

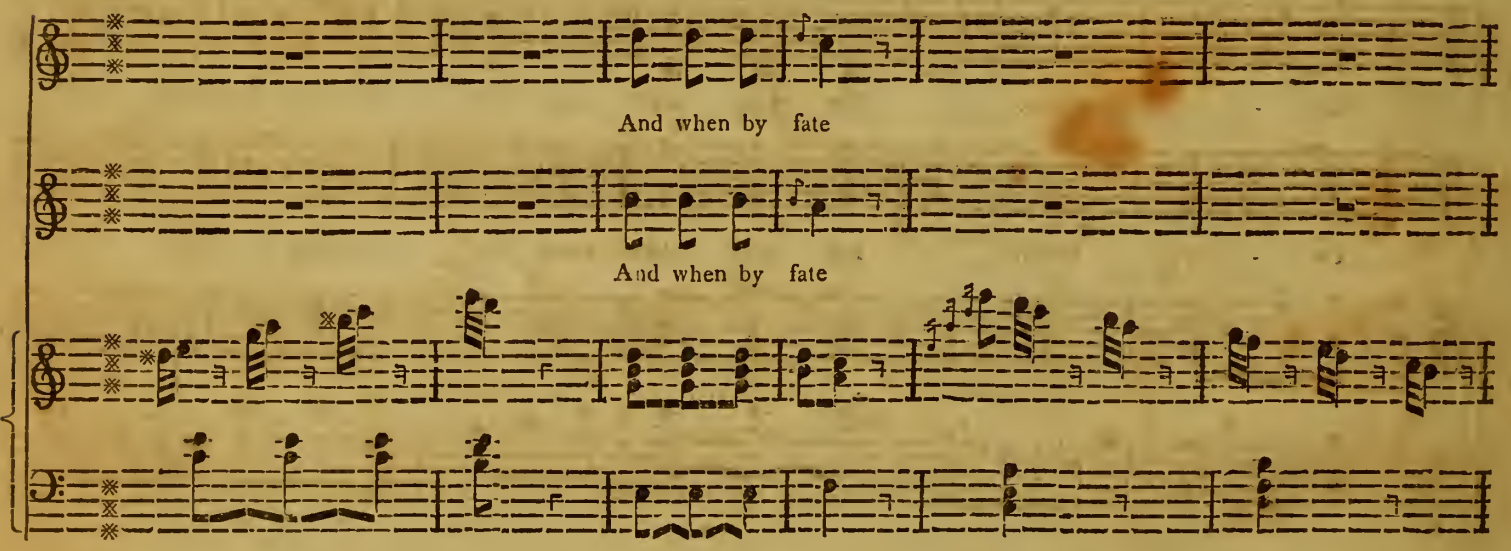
stream, On whose green mar - gin we com - plain;

stream, On whose green mar - gin we com - plain;

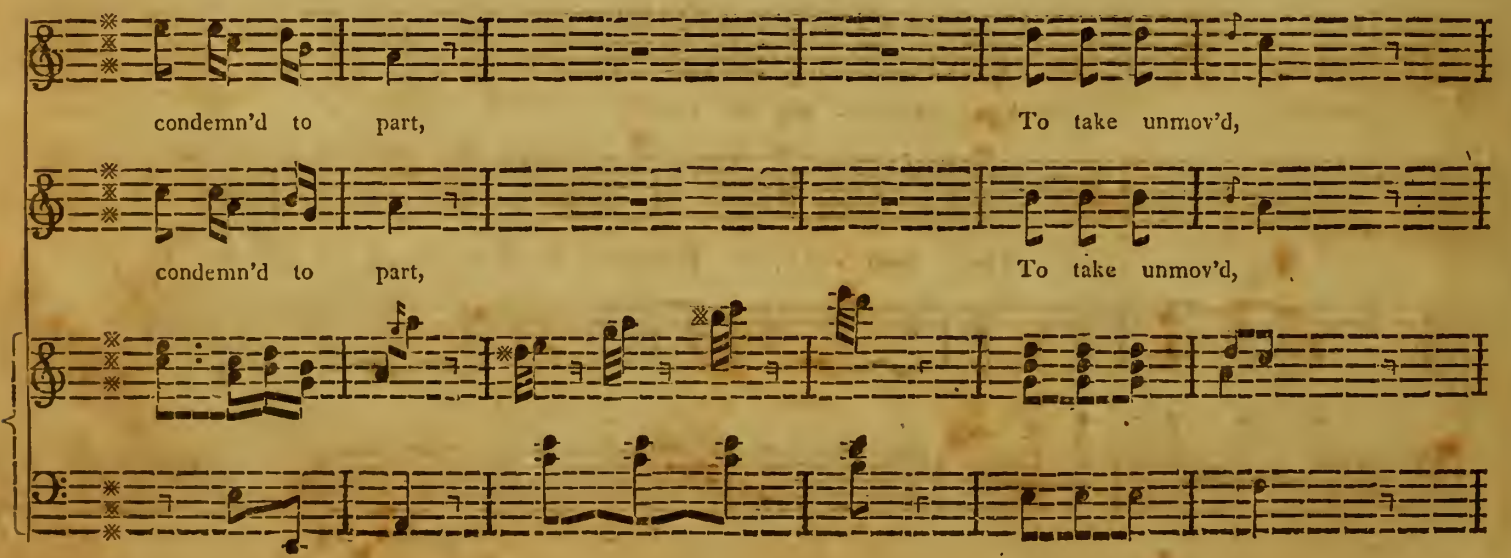

Where youth en - joy'd the morn - ing dream, And fan - cy rais'd the
Where youth en - joy'd the morn - ing dream, And fan - cy rais'd the
ear - ly strain. But who shall teach the bursting heart,
ear - ly strain. But who shall teach the bursting heart,
The burst - ing heart, Its grief, its an - guish
The burst - ing heart, Its grief, its an - guish


to sub - due, Its grief, its an - guish to sub - due;

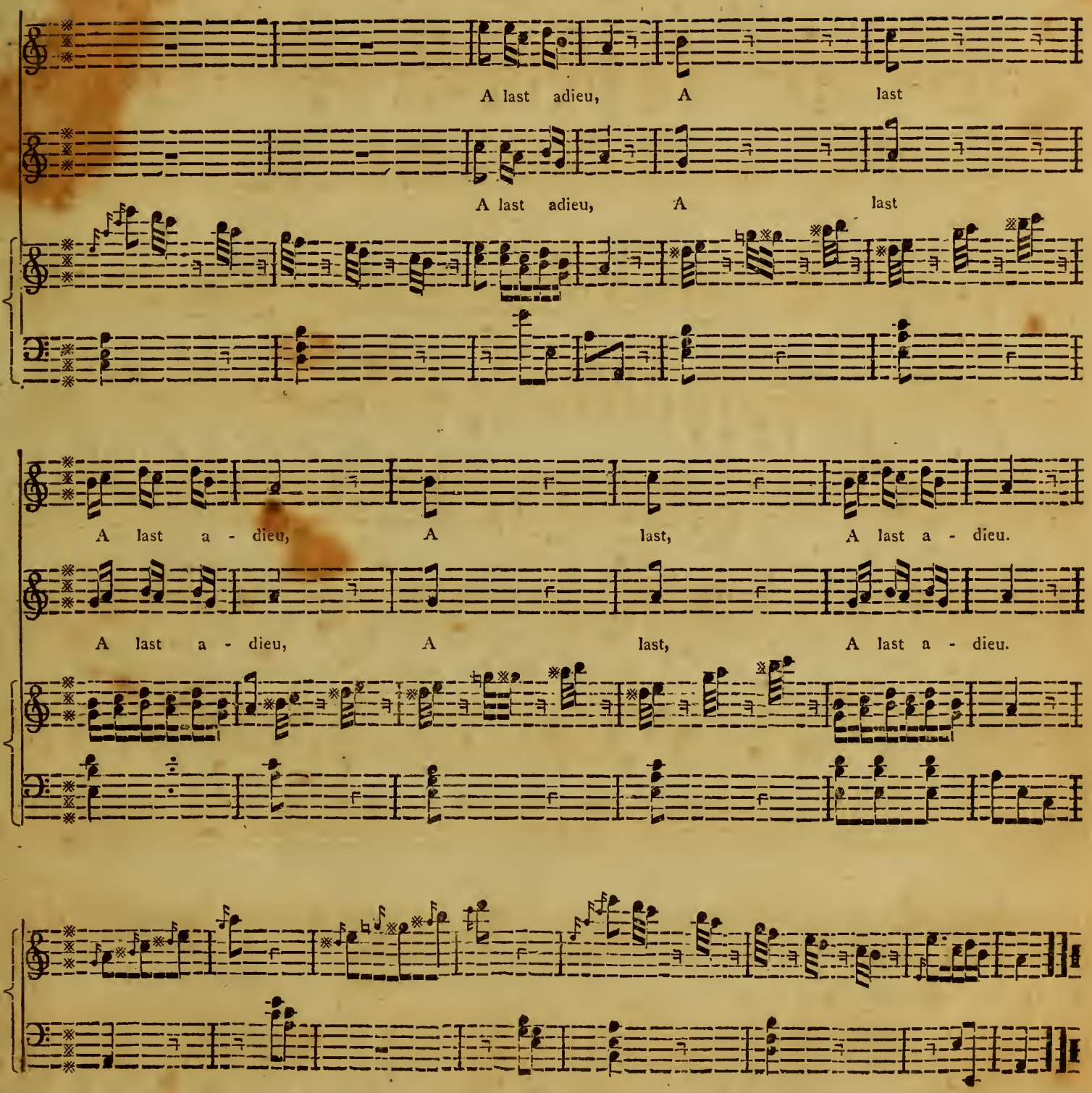

to sub - due, Its grief, its an - guish to sub - due;


And when by fate


And when by fate


condemn'd to part, To take unmov'd,


condemn'd to part, To take unmov'd,


A last adieu, A last
A last adieu, A last
A last a - dieu, A last, A last a - dieu.
A last a - dieu, A last, A last a - dieu.

# *O tell me Pilgrims. A favourite Glee.*

LARGO. *Affectuoso.*

1st VOICE.

Oh tell me, pilgrims, faint and weary; Whither o'er the moor, you stray? The winds of night blow cold and dreary,

2d VOICE.

Dark and lonely is the way. Though dark the way, though lone the moor, At Juan's shrine, our

3d VOICE.

beads we tell, Each night, when, from the Abbey tower, Slowly tolls the midnight bell.

TRIO.

Now the tapers faintly gleaming, Light the chapel aisle along, Now, the sacred rites proclaiming, Slowly tolls the

Slow.

bell ding dong, The bell ding dong, The bell ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

2

Oh say what sounds so sweet, ascending,
Steal along the dusky sky?
From whence, those songs, that softly blending,
O'er the dreary moorlands die?
Those songs, that, in the distance, swell
Proclaim the weary Pilgrim's hour;
Kind stranger, then we must farewell,
Saint Juan guard thy peaceful bower.

*Now the tapers, &c.*

# *To me, my Love. A Favourite Song.*

ADAPTED TO THE MARCH IN THE GOD OF LOVE.

LENTO.

Thou hast play'd, thou hast play'd a false a faithless part, Remorse will follow thee, my love, will follow thee, my love Ambition has seduc'd that heart, Ambition has seduc'd that heart, Which honour ow'd to me, my love, To me, to me, my love.

*Sym.*

2

The truest, tend'rest flame was thine,
What did I feel for thee, my love?
The softest, fondest vows were thine,
What did'st thou swear to me, my love?

3

Tho' splendour deck thy nuptial bower,
Tho' pleasures round thee wait, my love;
Each joy that marks the playful hour,
Shall labour with a sigh, my love!

4

And when the pensive moments come,
For who is free from these, my love?
Oh, then perhaps thou'lt mourn my doom,
And lend a tear to me, my love?

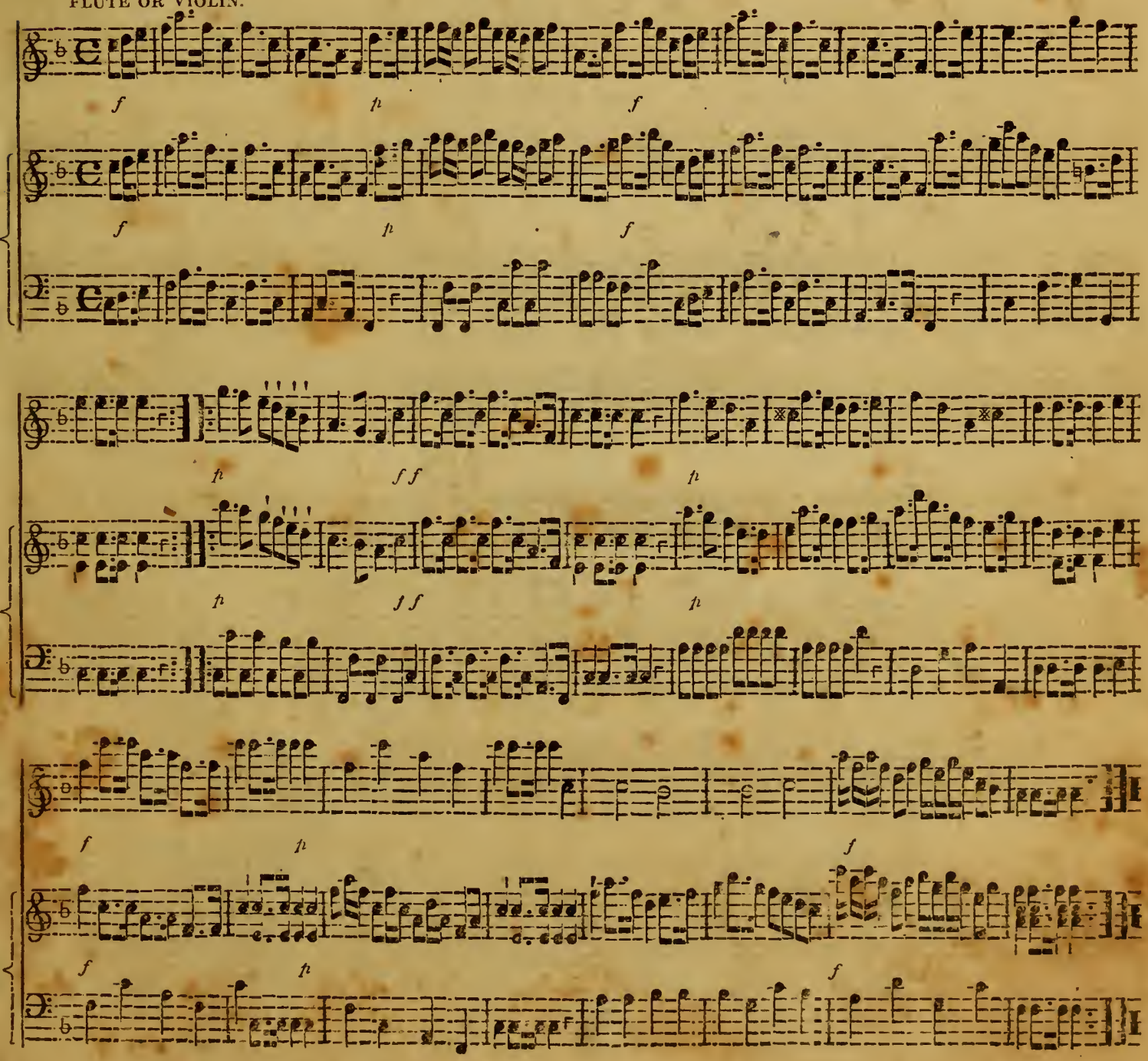
# MUSICAL OLIO, [NO. 3.

## *FOR SEPTEMBER*, 1814.

### *Madison's March.*

COMPOSED BY MR. BRAY.

FLUTE OR VIOLIN.



# *The Minute Gun at Sea.*

A FAVOURITE DUETT. COMPOSED BY M. P. KING.

JULIANA.

*p p*

Let him who sighs in sadness here; Rejoice, and know a friend is near.

YOUNG HEARTWELL.

What heav'nly sounds are those I hear? What being comes the gloom to cheer?

drum

DUETT.

*p* Cres. *f f*

JULIANNA.

When in the storm on Albion's coast, The night-watch guards his wea - ry post, From thoughts of danger

*f p* *f p* *rinf*

free; He marks some vessels dusky form, And hears amid the howling storm, The minute gun at

*rinf.* *f p* *rinf* *f p* *rinf*

JULIANNA.

sea. And hears amid the howling storm, The minute gun at sea.

YOUNG HEARTWELL.

The minute gun at sea. And hears amid the howling storm The minute gun at sea.

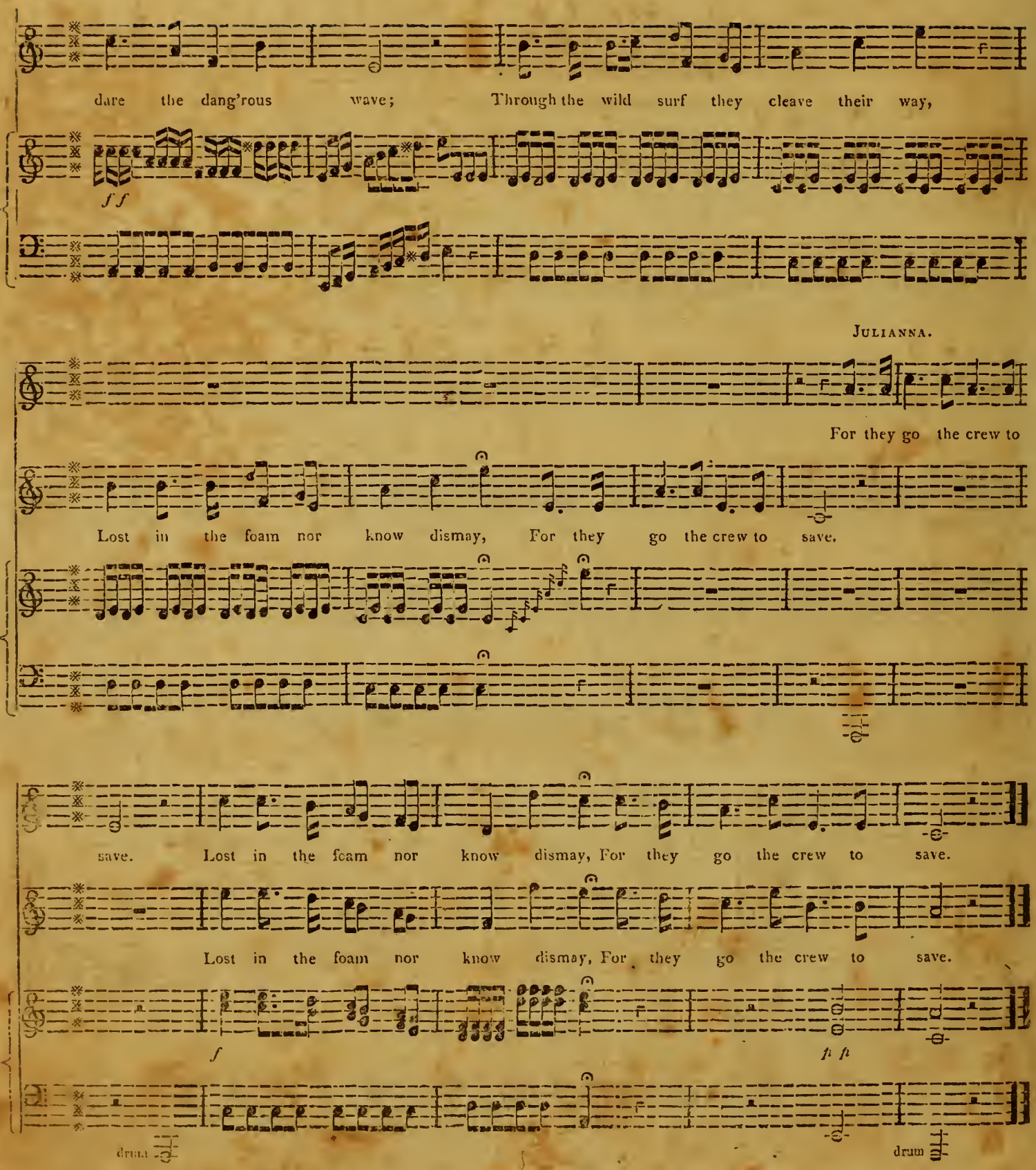
*f* *rinf* *p p*

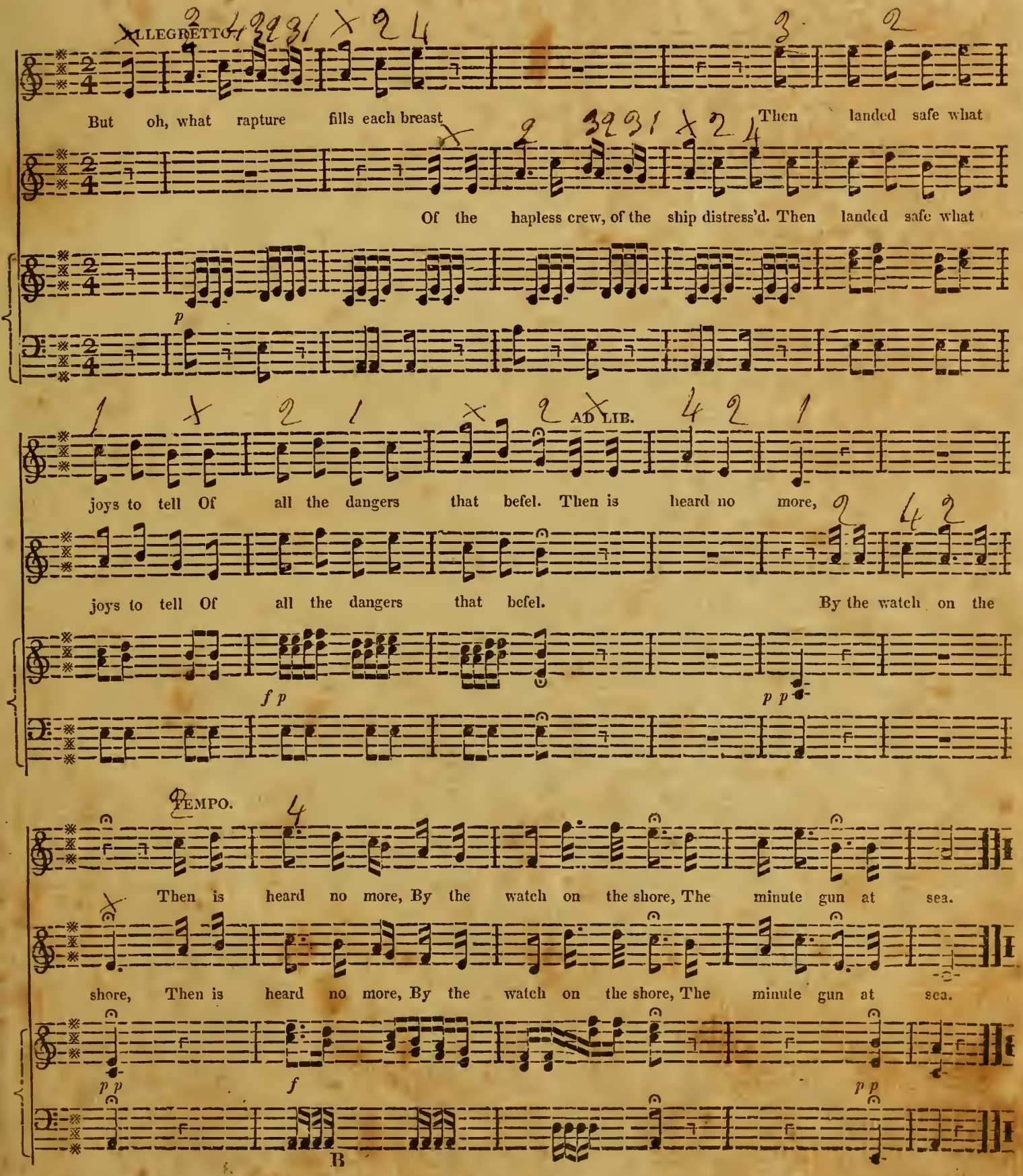
drum drum drum

YOUNG HEARTWELL.

Swift on the shore a hardy few, The life boat man with a gallant, gallant crew, And

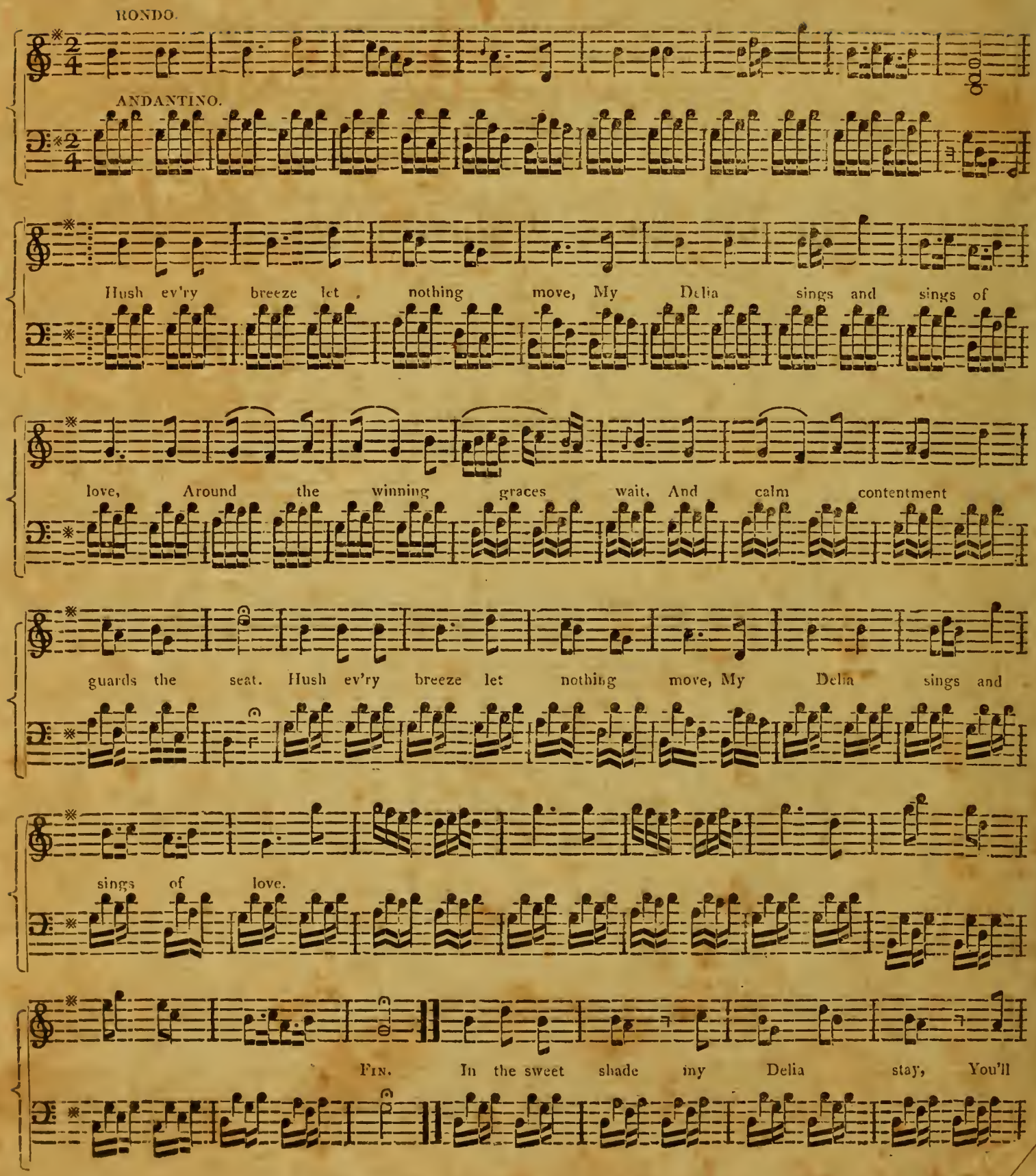
*f f* *f p* *f p* *f p* *f* *rinf*


dare the dang'rous wave; Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
ff
JULIANNA.
For they go the crew to
Lost in the foam nor know dismay, For they go the crew to save.
save. Lost in the foam nor know dismay, For they go the crew to save.
Lost in the foam nor know dismay, For they go the crew to save.
f
ff
drum
drum


ALLEGRETTO.
But oh, what rapture fills each breast Then landed safe what
Of the hapless crew, of the ship distress'd. Then landed safe what
p
AD LIB.
joys to tell Of all the dangers that befel. Then is heard no more,
joys to tell Of all the dangers that befel. By the watch on the
f p
p p
TEMPO.
Then is heard no more, By the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.
shore, Then is heard no more, By the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.
p p
f
p p
B

# *Hush every Breeze.*

COMPOSED BY J. HOOK.



scorch those charms more sweet than May; The sun now rages in his

noon, 'Tis pity, 'tis pity sure to part so soon, 'Tis pity, 'tis pity sure to

MINOR.

part so soon. O hear me Delia, hear me now, In-

DA CAPO.

eline propitious to my vow; So may thy charms no changes

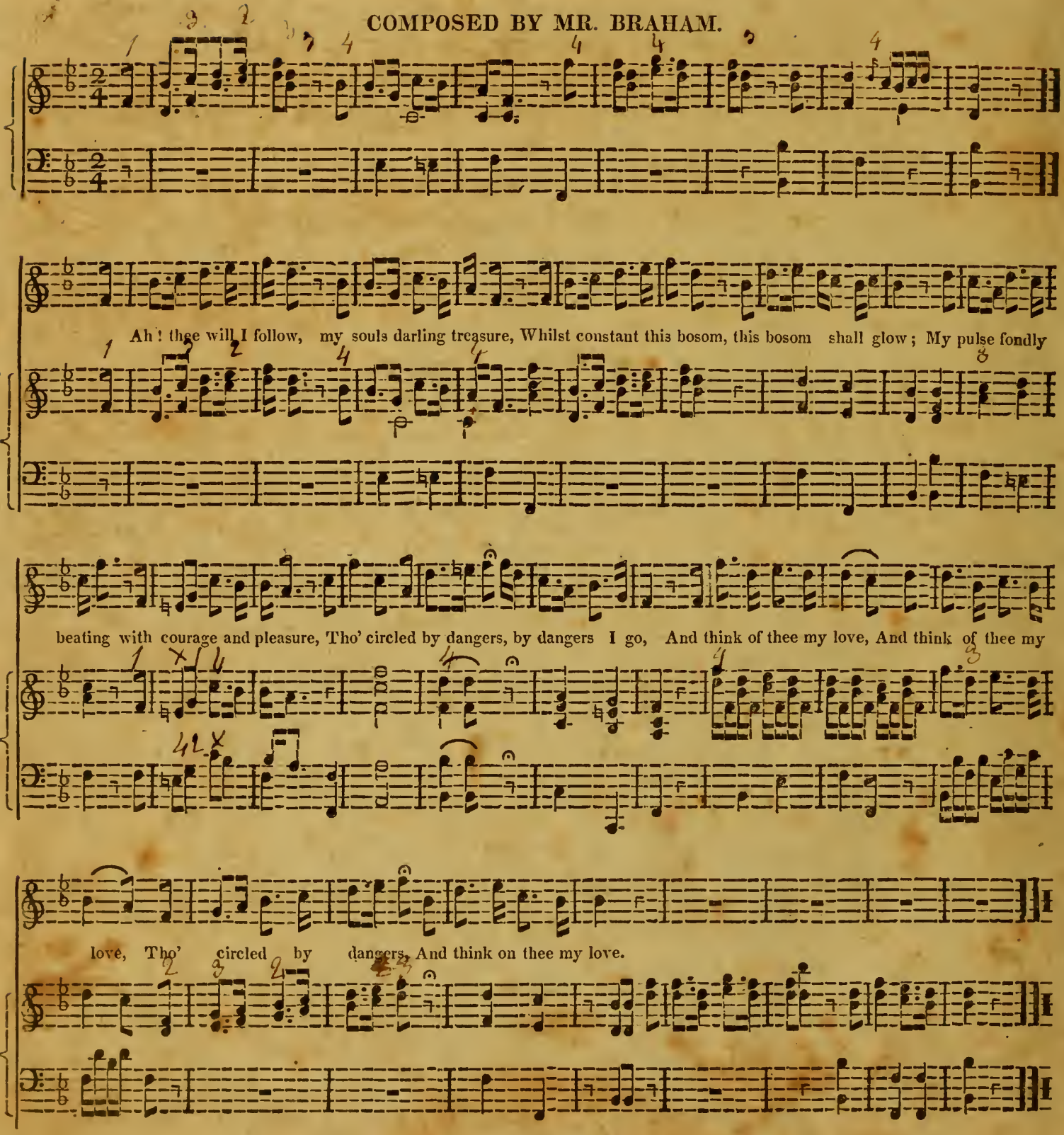
prove, But bloom for - - ev - er like my love, So may thy

charms no changes prove, But bloom for - ev - er like my love.

DA CAPO.

# *Ah! Thee will I Follow.*

COMPOSED BY MR. BRAHAM.



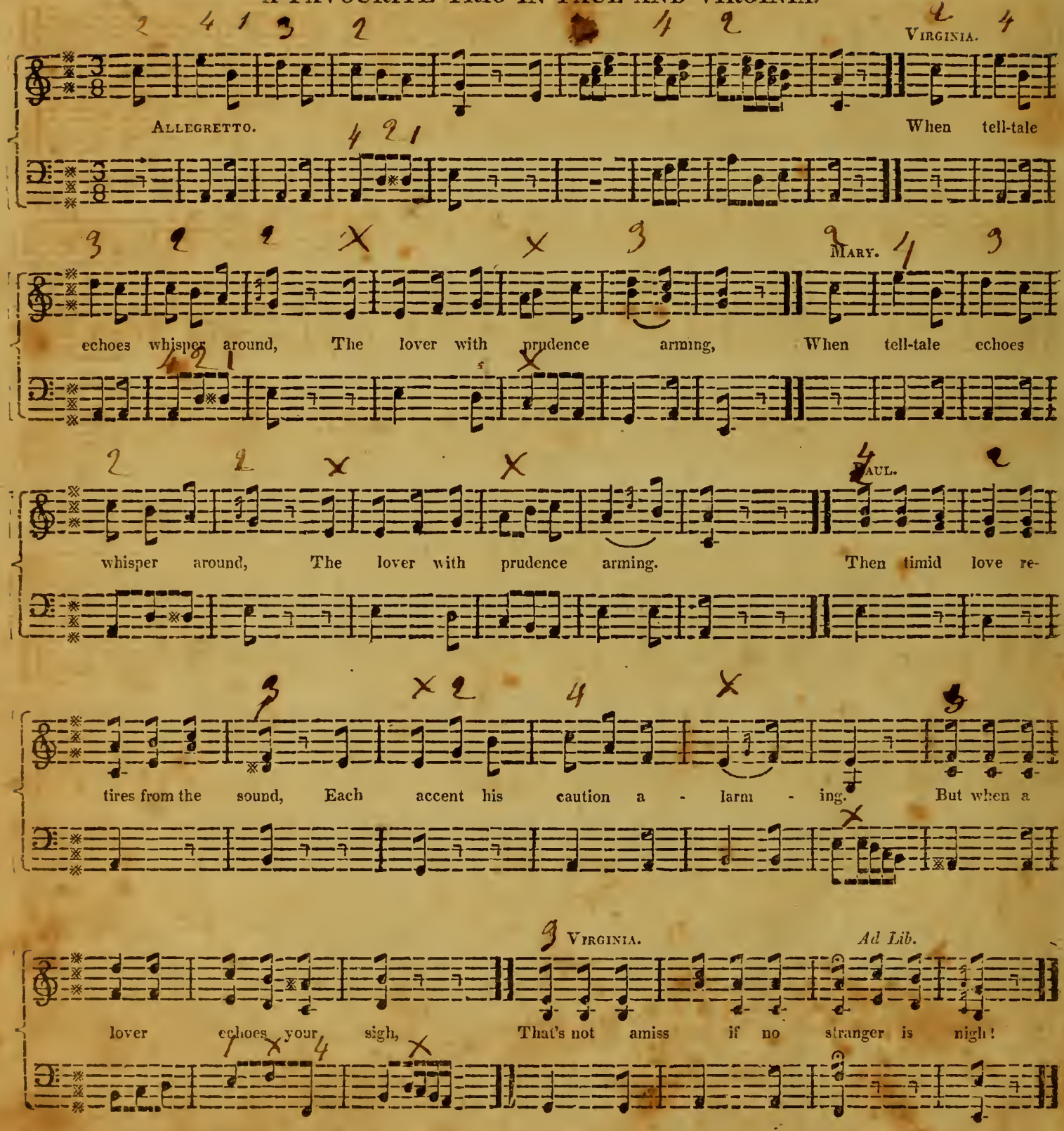

Through battle loud shouting, through desarts all dreary,
Still constant my bosom shall glow;
Nor lightning nor tempests shall make my love weary,
Though o'er raging billows I go,
And think on thee my love.

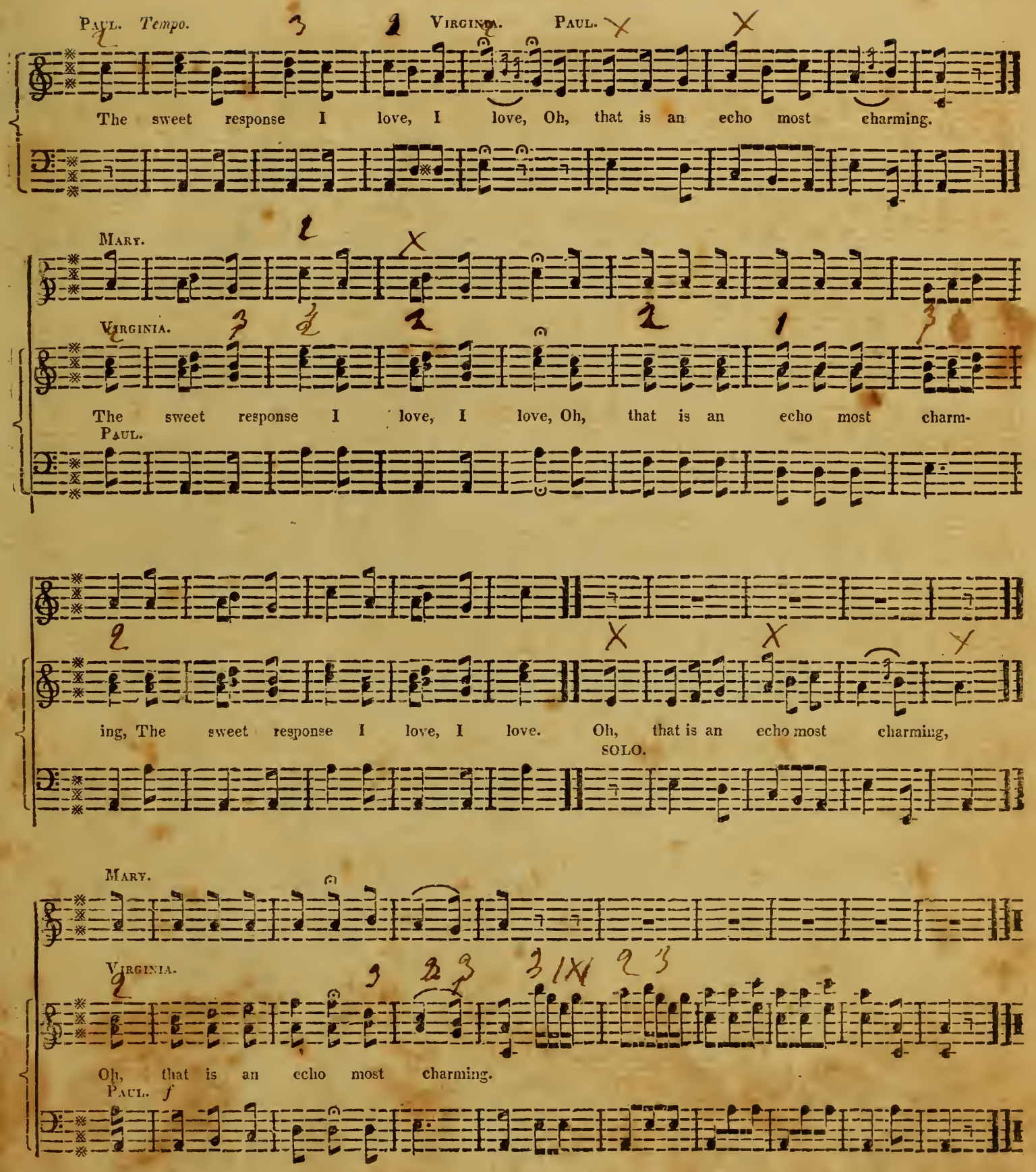
Over the sunny hills I stray, Tuning many a rustic lay; And sometimes in the shady vales, I sing of love and battle tales. Merrily thus I pass my life, Tho' poor my breast is free from strife, The blithe old harper call'd am I, In the Welch vales 'mid mountains high, In the Welch vales 'mid mountains high.

Sometimes before a castle gate,
In song a battle, I relate;
Or how a Lord, in shepherd's guise,
Sought favor in a virgin's eyes.
With rich and poor an equal guest,
No cares intrude upon my breast;
The blithe old harper call'd am I,
In the Welch vales 'mid mountains high.

When sol illumes the western sky,
And evening zephyrs softly sigh,
Oft times on village green I play,
While round me dance the rustic's gay.
And oft when veil'd by sable night,
The wand'ring shepherds I delight;
The blithe old harper call'd am I,
In the Welch vales 'mid mountains high.

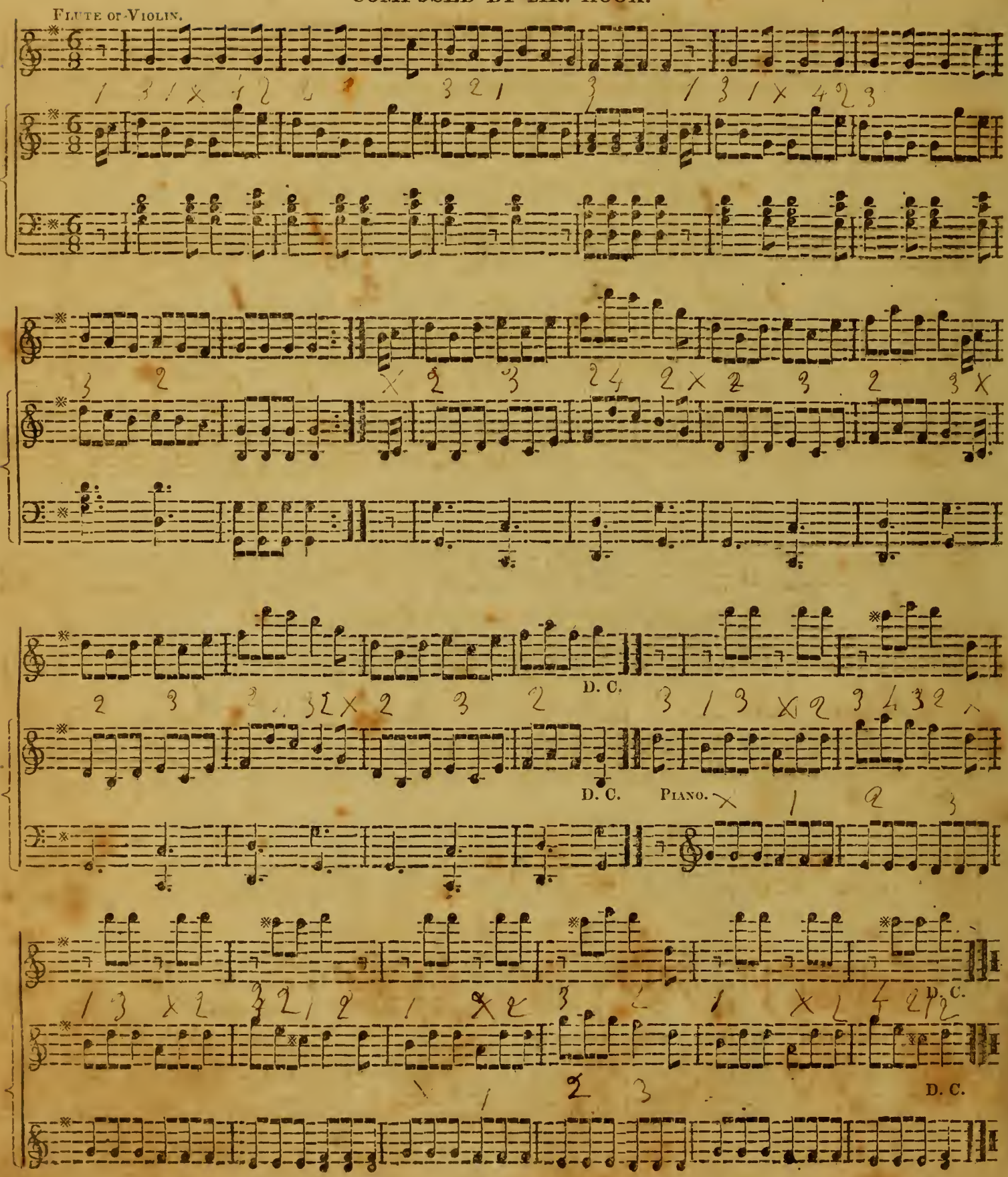
## A FAVOURITE TRIO IN PAUL AND VIRGINIA.




Paul. *Tempo.*
Virginia.
Paul.
The sweet response I love, I love, Oh, that is an echo most charming.
Mary.
Virginia.
The sweet response I love, I love, Oh, that is an echo most charm-
Paul.
ing, The sweet response I love, I love. Oh, that is an echo most charming,
SOLO.
Mary.
Virginia.
Oh, that is an echo most charming.
Paul. *f*

# *A Favourite Rondeau.*

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.



MUSICAL OLIO, [NO. 4.

FOR DECEMBER, 1814.

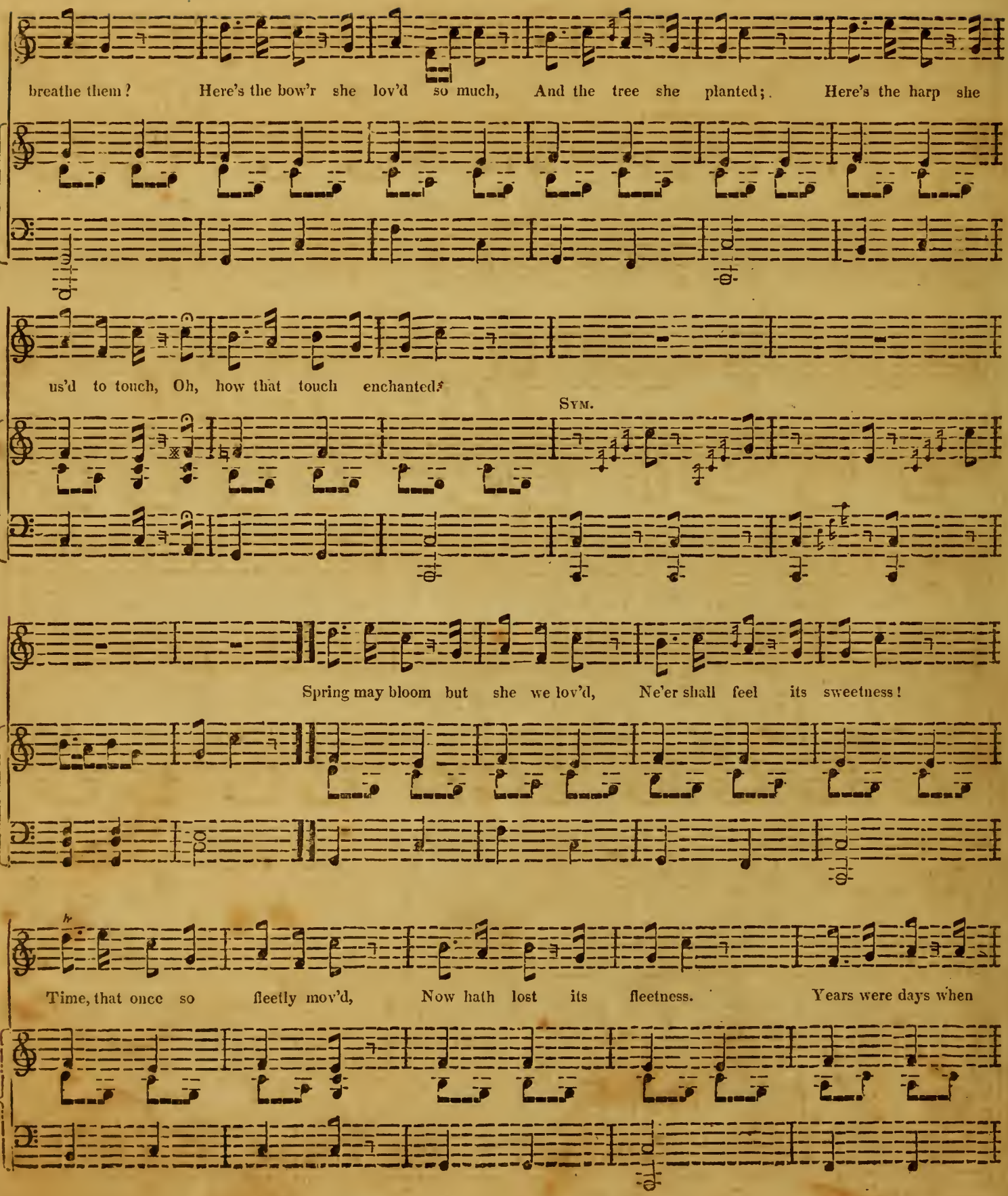
# Here's the Bower.

MUSICK AND WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Voice. *With expression.*

Piano Forte.

Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much, And the tree she planted, Here's the harp she us'd to touch, Oh! how that touch enchanted. Roses now unheeded sigh, Where's the hand to wreathe them? Songs around neglected lie, Where's the lip to


breathe them? Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much, And the tree she planted; Here's the harp she
us'd to touch, Oh, how that touch enchanted!
Sym.
Spring may bloom but she we lov'd, Ne'er shall feel its sweetness!
Time, that once so fleetly mov'd, Now hath lost its fleetness. Years were days when

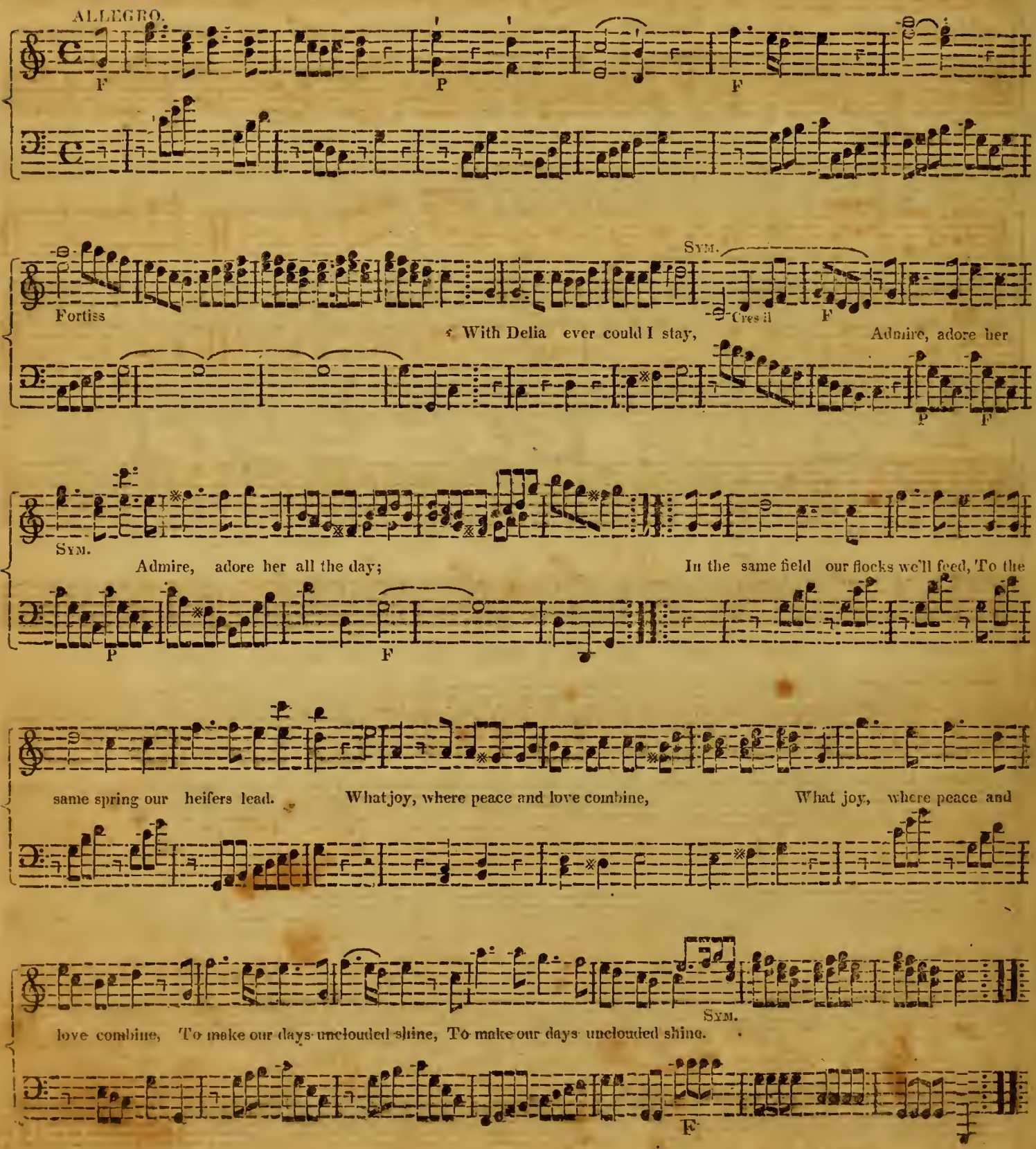
here she stray'd, Days were moments near her; Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid, Nor

pity wept a dearer. Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much, And the tree she

planted; Here's the harp she us'd to touch, Oh, how that touch enchanted.

Sym.

WRITTEN BY SHENSTONE.—MUSICK BY MR. JACKSON.



Cres il For.

Teach me ye muses every art, More deeply to engage her heart, Teach me ye muses

Sym.

every art, More deeply to engage her heart.

I strive not to resist my flame, I glory in a captive's name; Nor

would I if I could be free, Nor would I if I could be free, But

F

boast my loss of liberty, But boast my loss of liberty.

L

## COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.

THOMAS.

What is life, what is life of love bereft, When its heavenly joys are

PAULINE.

ALLEGRO.

What is life, what is life of love bereft, When its heavenly joys are

fled; Lives the heart that love has left, Is there life when love is dead? Lives the

fled; Lives the heart that love has left, Is there life when love is dead, Is there life, - - -

heart that love has left, Is there life when love is dead, Is there life when love is dead. dead.

- - - - - - - Is there life when love is dead, Is there life when love is dead. dead.

When our ills were first fill'd up, were first fill'd up, Love the sweet'ning drop did

When our ills were first fill'd up, When our ills were first fill'd up, Love the sweet'ning drop did

give, Love the sweet'ning drop did give; And by mingling in the

give, Love the sweet'ning drop did give; And by mingling in the cup, And by mingling in the

cup, Made it worth man's while to live, Made it worth man's while to live, Made it

cup, Made it worth man's while to live, Made it worth man's while to live.

worth - - - Made it worth man's while to live; And by mingling in the cup,

And by mingling in the cup Made it worth man's while to live - - - - - -

ANDANTE. *Slow.*

And by mingling in the

And by mingling

gen'rous flame, Parent of the tender sigh, Let us praise thy honour'd name, By loving truly

gen'rous flame, Parent of the tender sigh, Let us praise thy honour'd name, By loving truly

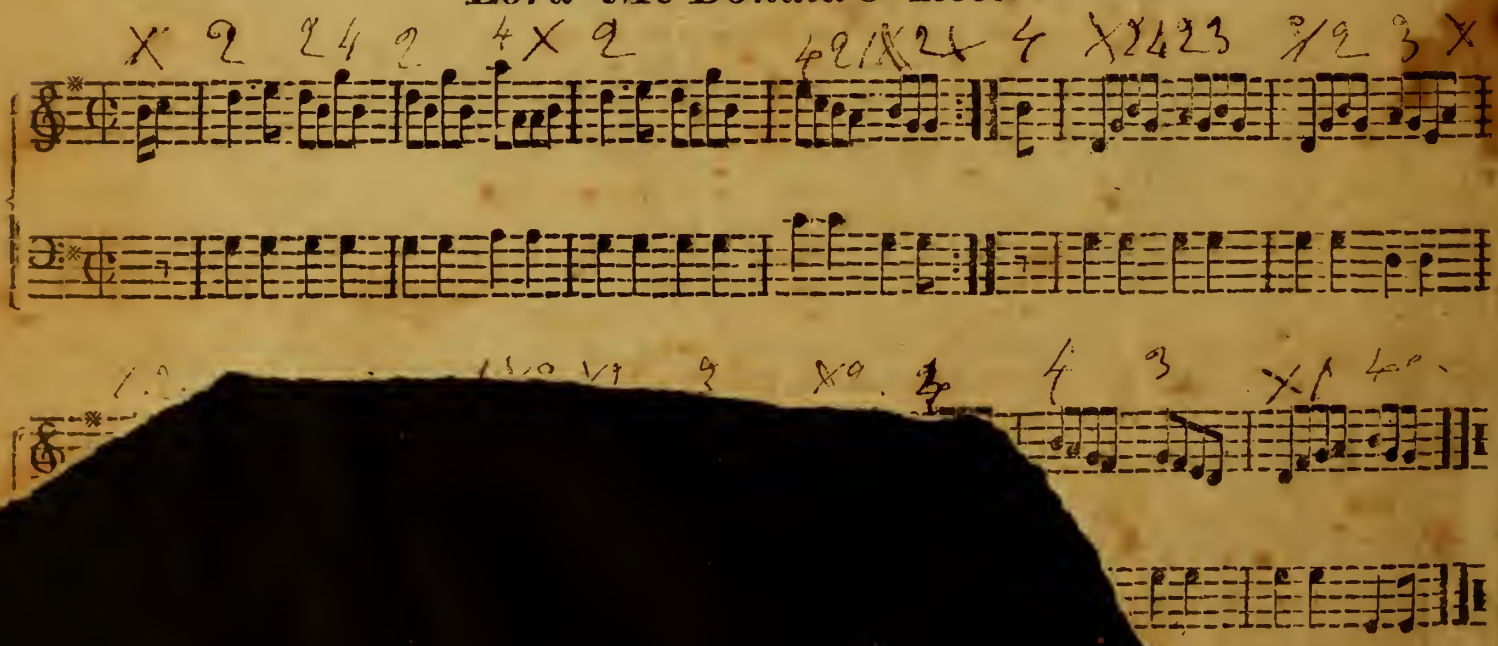
Ad. Lib.

'till we die. By loving truly, By loving truly, By loving truly 'till we die.

'till we die. By loving truly, By loving truly, By loving truly 'till we die.

*Ad Lib.*

## *Lord Mc'Donald's Reel.*



## A MUCH ADMIRED SCOTCH SONG—COMPOSED BY MR. SANDERSON.

*Affetuoso.* Come, come, bonny Lassie, cry'd Sandy a - wa, While Mither is spinning and Father's a-

far; The folk are at work And the baims are at play, And we will be married dear Jenny to-

day, And we will be married dear Jenny to day.

2

Stay, stay, bonny Laddie, I answer'd with speed,
I winna, I munna go with you indeed;
Besides should I do so what would the folk say,
O, we canna marry dear Sandy to day.

3

List, list, cry'd the Laddie and mind what you do,
Baith Peggy and Patty I gave up for you;
Besides a full twelve-month we've trifled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to day.

4

Fie, fie, bonny Laddie, replied I again,
When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain;
Besides new ribbon does Patty display,
Se we canna marry dear Sandy to day.

5

n good bye bonny Lessie, says he,
'ty are waiting for me;
the bells call away,
to day.

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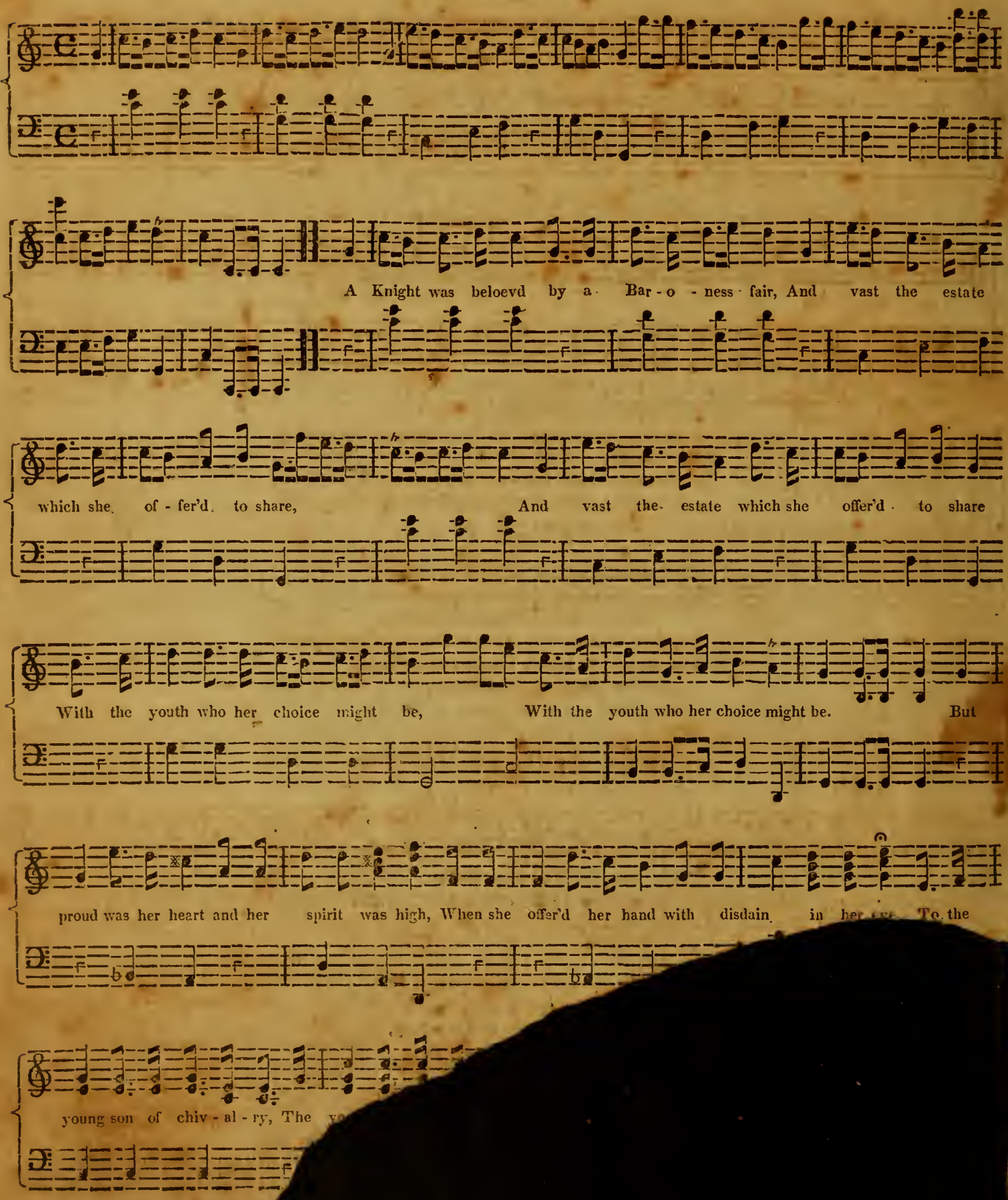
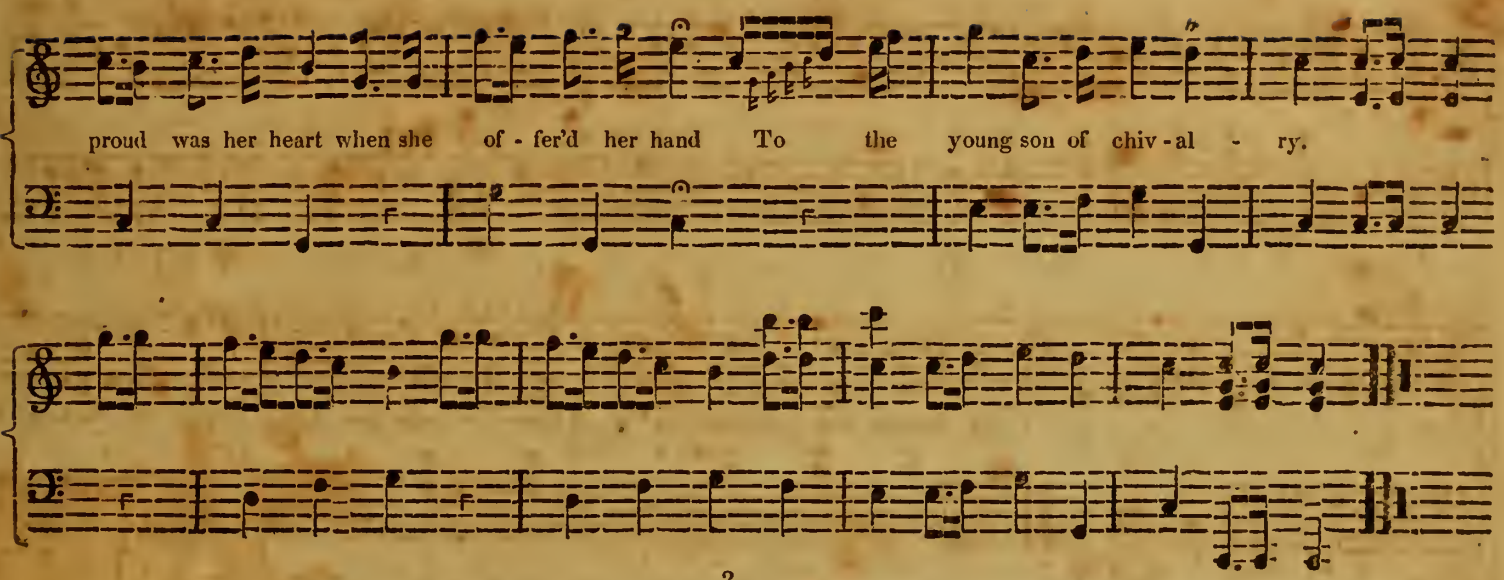
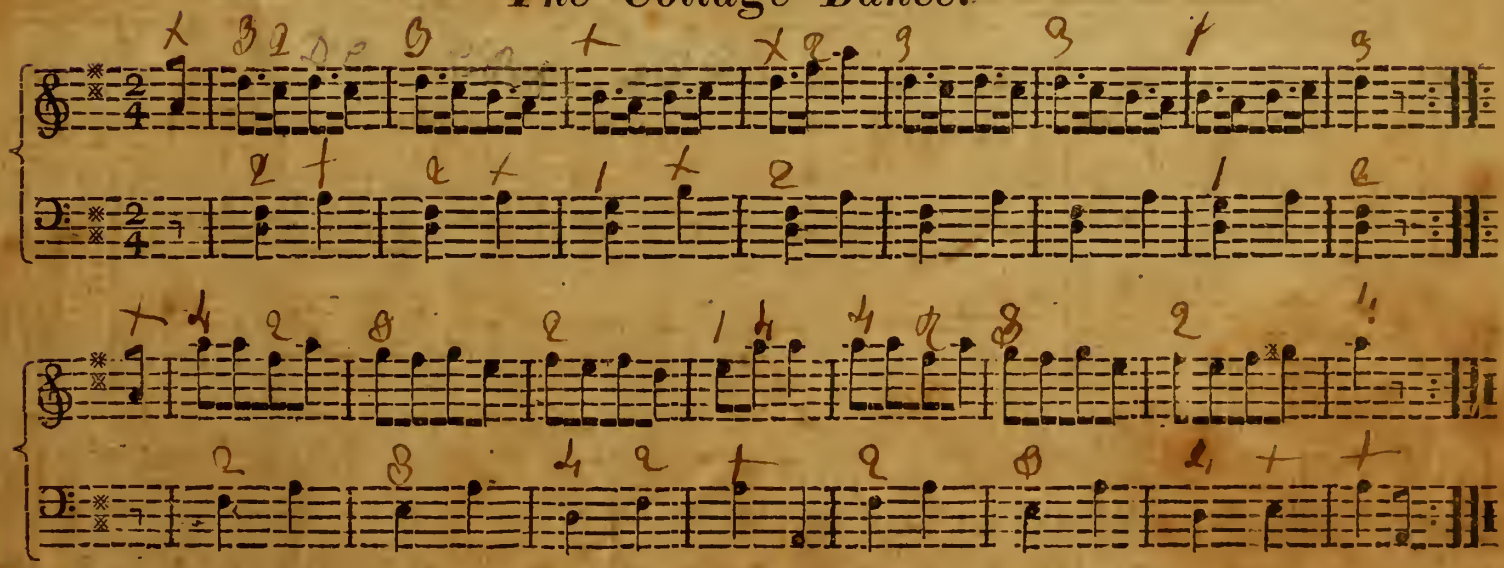

A Knight was beloevd by a Bar - o - ness fair, And vast the estate
which she of - fer'd to share, And vast the estate which she offer'd to share
With the youth who her choice might be, With the youth who her choice might be. But
proud was her heart and her spirit was high, When she offer'd her hand with disdain in her eye. To the
young son of chiv - al - ry, The yo



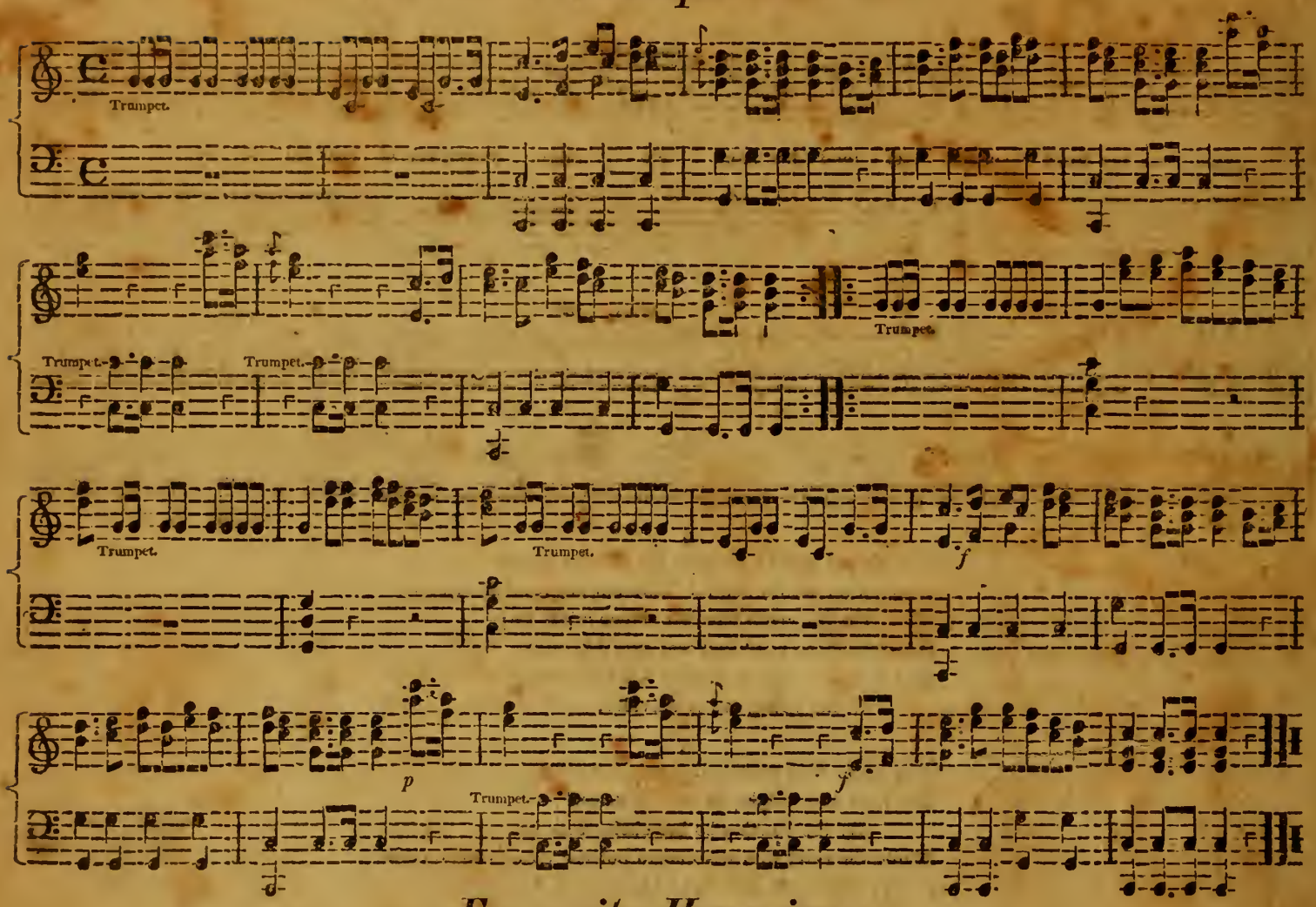

2
The Knight loved a Maid in the Hamlet below,
Though no wealth had the Maid but her heart to bestow
On the youth who her choice might be;
He rejected the hand that was offer'd in pride,
And chose the fond maid who was blest as the bride
Of the young son of chivalry.

3
May every fond maiden that offers in pride
Her hand to a knight, be forever denied
By the youth who her choice may be;
While the maid who has nought but her virtue's and charms,
Shall share in the wealth, and be blest in the arms
Of the young son of chivalry.

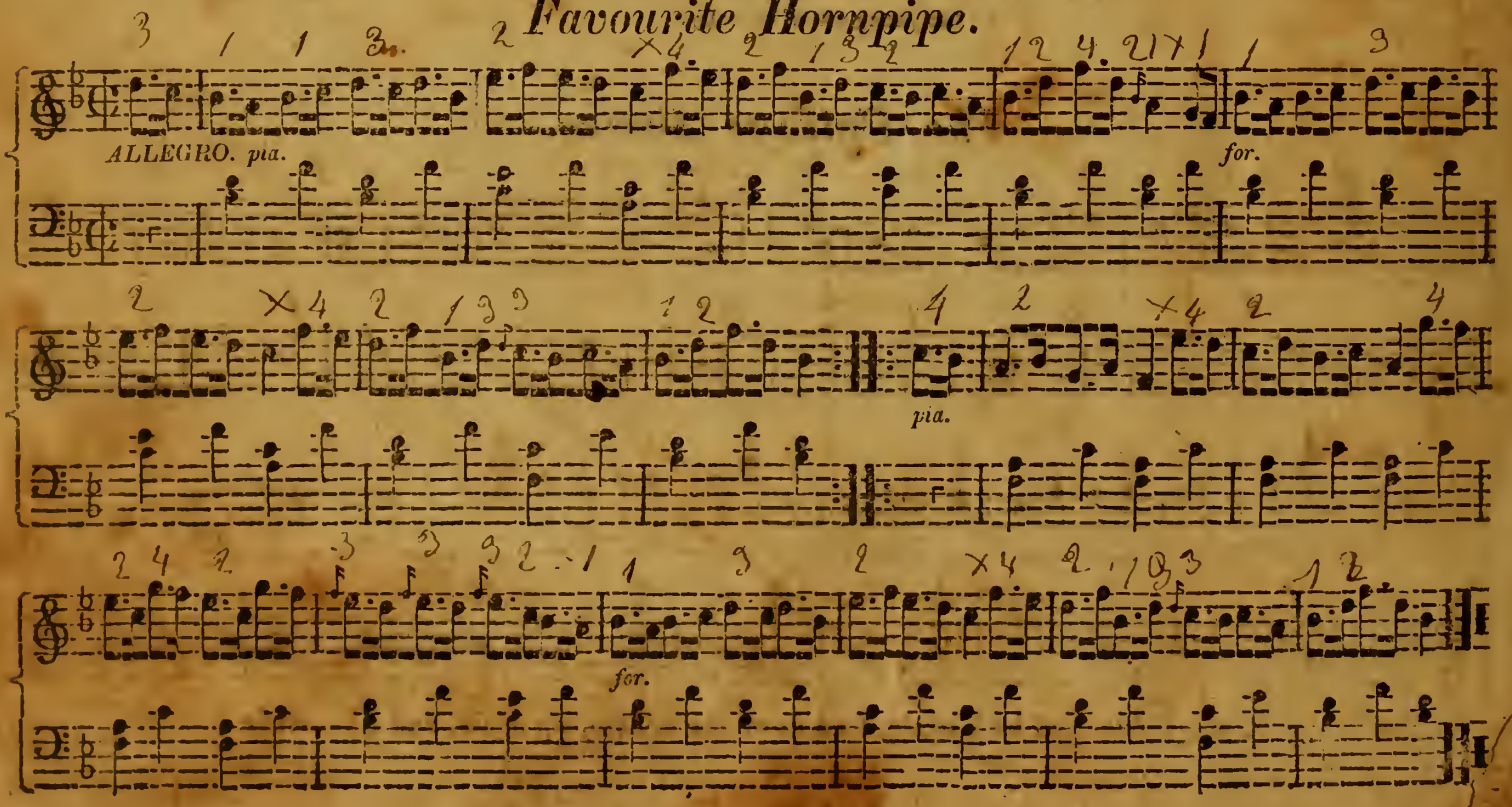
## *The Cottage Dance.*



Change sides and back again, lead down the middle, up again, and Allemande.




## *Favourite Hornpipe.*



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